

SPRING ISSUE
No. 10

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BLACKHAWK

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WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT"

— BUT IT ANSWERED
A QUESTION FOR
JIM AND JANE

SEE YOU GOT
YOUR NEW BIKE
JIM. BOY IT'S
A BEAUTY!

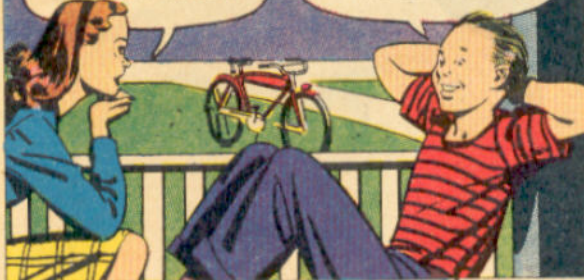
SURE IS!
AND IT'S GOT
A MORROW
COASTER BRAKE
— THE BEST
MADE!

YOU
KNOW
IT!



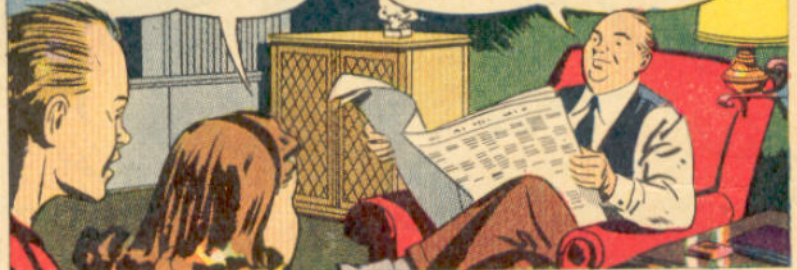
JIM, WHY DO ALL
THE BOYS AND GIRLS
SAY A MORROW'S THE
BEST COASTER
BRAKE MADE?

SEARCH ME. JUST
IS. EVERYBODY
KNOWS THAT.
BUT LET'S ASK DAD
— HE'LL KNOW!



DADDY, WHY DO ALL
THE BOYS AND GIRLS
SAY MORROW IS THE
BEST COASTER
BRAKE MADE?

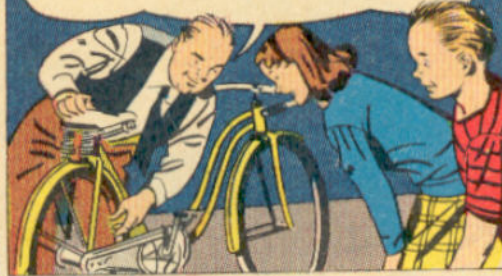
MORROW — WHY THAT'S
THE COASTER BRAKE
I HAD ON MY BIKE. YOU
BET IT'S THE BEST, AND
I'LL SHOW YOU WHY —



HERE'S MY OLD BIKE —
USED TO RIDE OVER TO SEE
YOUR MOTHER ON IT. THE
BIKE'S ABOUT THROUGH,
BUT THAT MORROW
BRAKE IS AS GOOD
AS NEW!



NOW LOOK AT THIS MORROW
ON YOUR BIKE, JANE. FIRST
THING, IT'S THE ONLY COASTER
BRAKE MADE IN AMERICA
THAT HAS 31 BALL BEARINGS

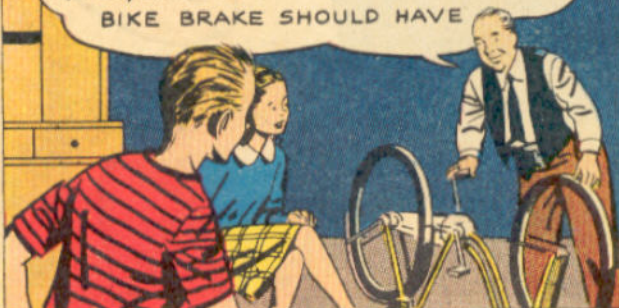


OH I GET IT! THAT'S WHERE
MORROW GETS "SPEED-WHEELING"
COASTING

RIGHT, JIM, AND
MORROW COASTER BRAKES
ARE MADE BY A FAMOUS
MAKER OF AUTOMOBILE
BRAKES—SO THEY
REALLY KNOW HOW



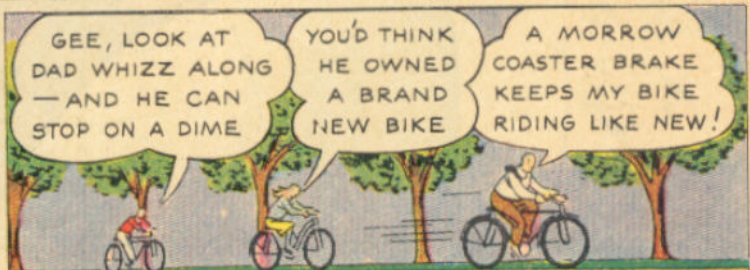
NOW WATCH THIS — SEE HOW JUST A
TOUCH OF MY HAND STOPPED THAT
WHIRLING WHEEL QUICK. THAT'S THE
QUICK, SAFE STOPPING ACTION EVERY
BIKE BRAKE SHOULD HAVE



GEE, LOOK AT
DAD WHIZZ ALONG
—AND HE CAN
STOP ON A DIME

YOU'D THINK
HE OWNED
A BRAND
NEW BIKE

A MORROW
COASTER BRAKE
KEEPS MY BIKE
RIDING LIKE NEW!



THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Today smart boys and girls are the buyers of MORROW. They know every Morrow Coaster Brake is a product of Bendix Creative Engineering. ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION,

Bendix AVIATION CORPORATION, ELMIRA, N. Y.





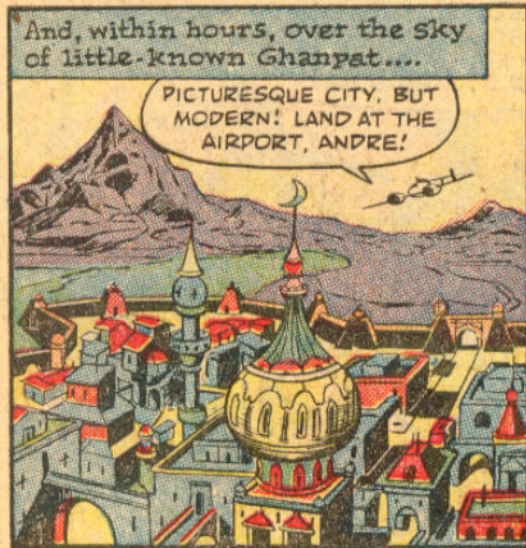
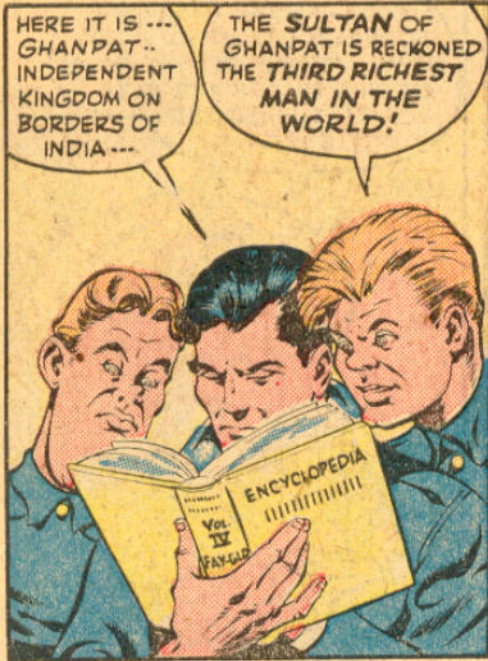
Still the *Blackhawks* guard
the world from evil!...

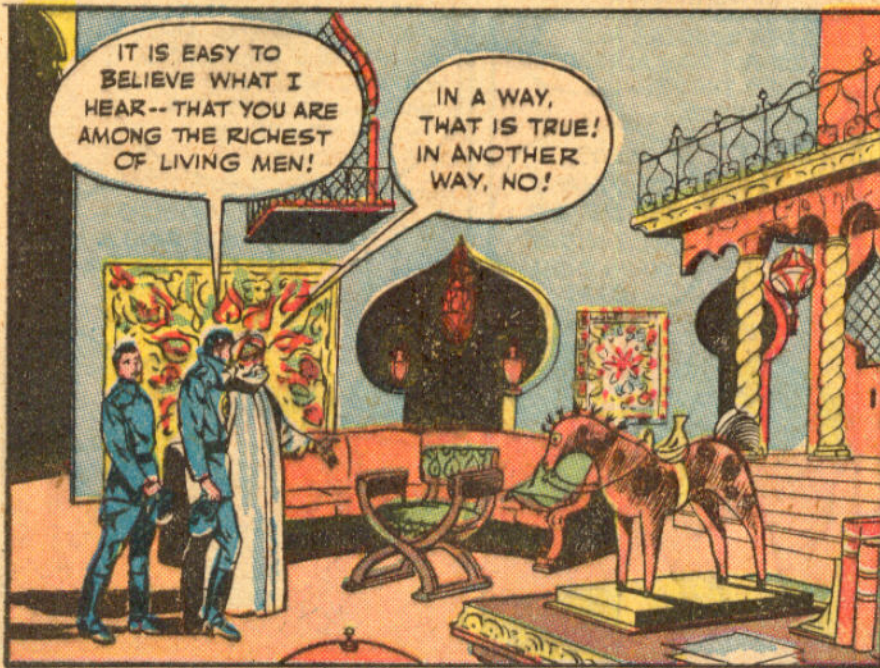
Thus it is revealed what happened
when sinister hands reached for

*The Treasure
of Ghanpat!...*



BLACKHAWK

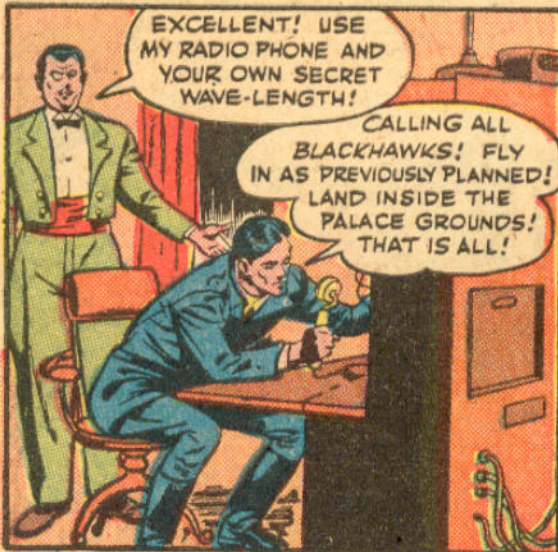




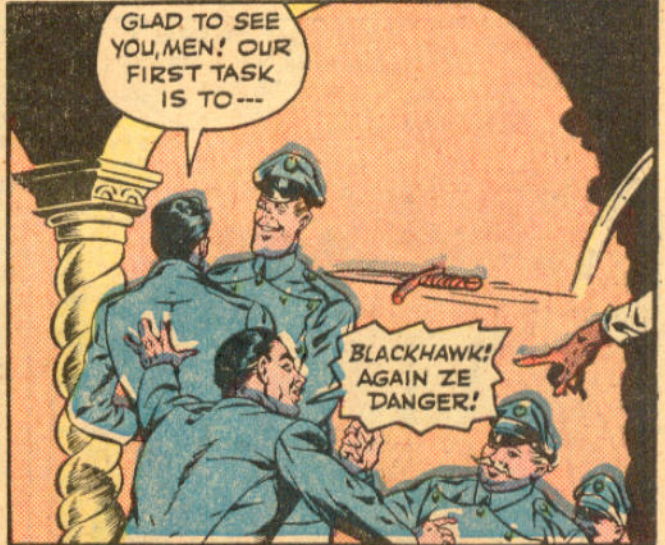
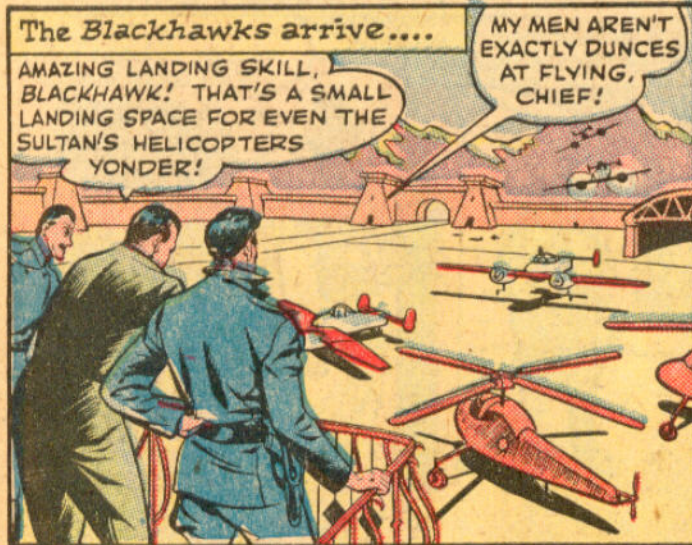
BLACKHAWK

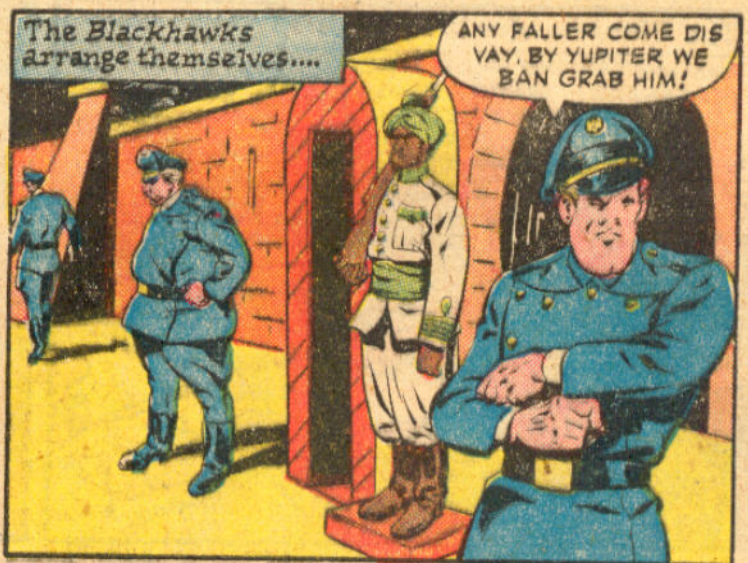


BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK





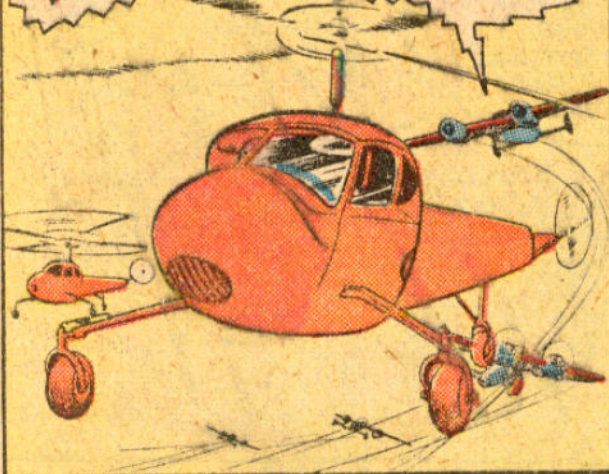
BLACKHAWK



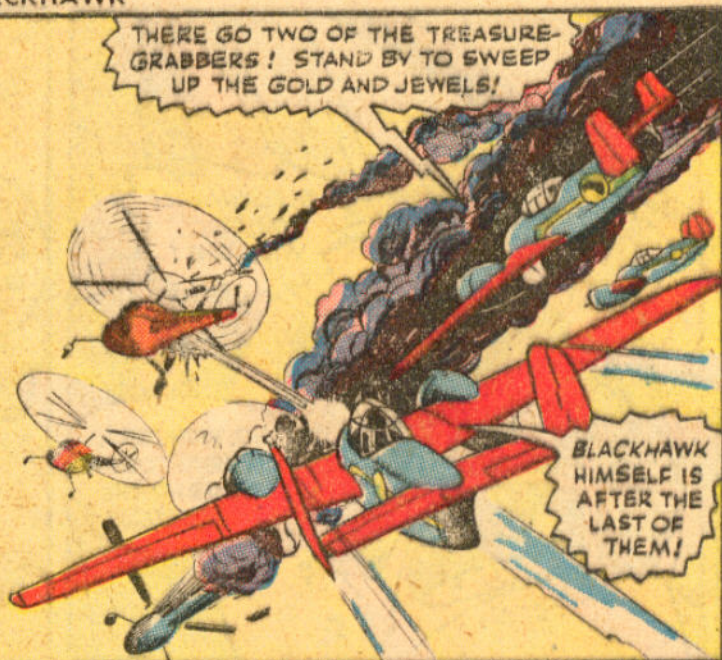


High in the air over Ghanpat rings a world-famous warcry!...

HAWKAAAA-AAA!

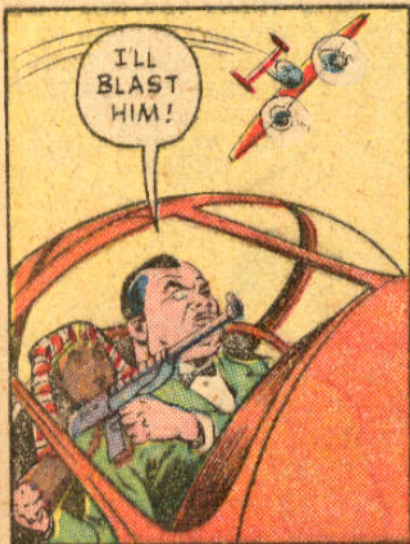


THERE GO TWO OF THE TREASURE-GRABBERS! STAND BY TO SWEEP UP THE GOLD AND JEWELS!

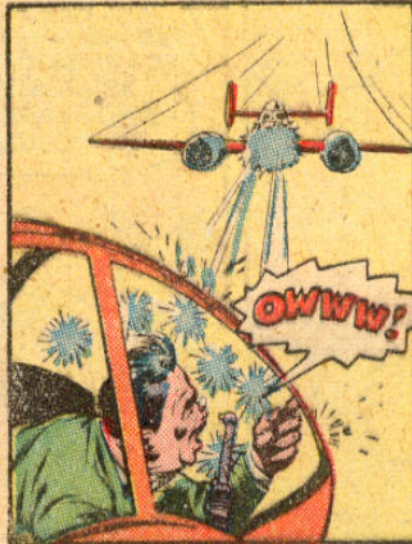


BLACKHAWK HIMSELF IS AFTER THE LAST OF THEM!

I'LL BLAST HIM!



OWWWW!

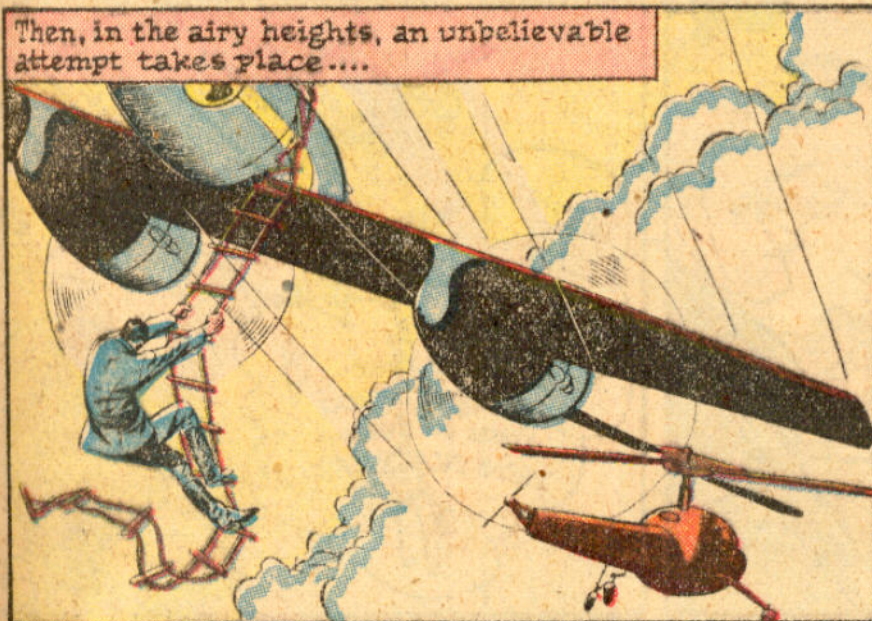


THE HELICOPTER WILL CRASH--- AND MY DAUGHTER IS ABOARD!

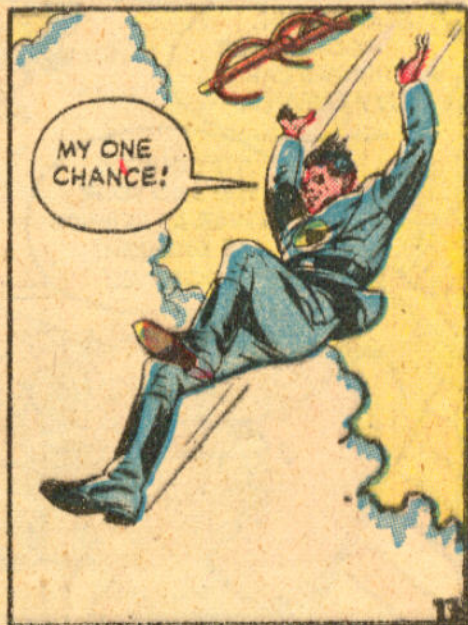
TAKE THE CONTROLS ANDRE! FOLLOW HER DOWN!



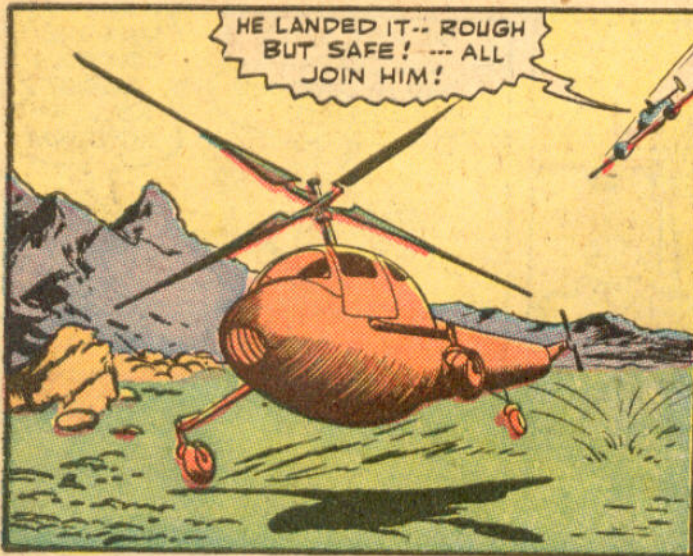
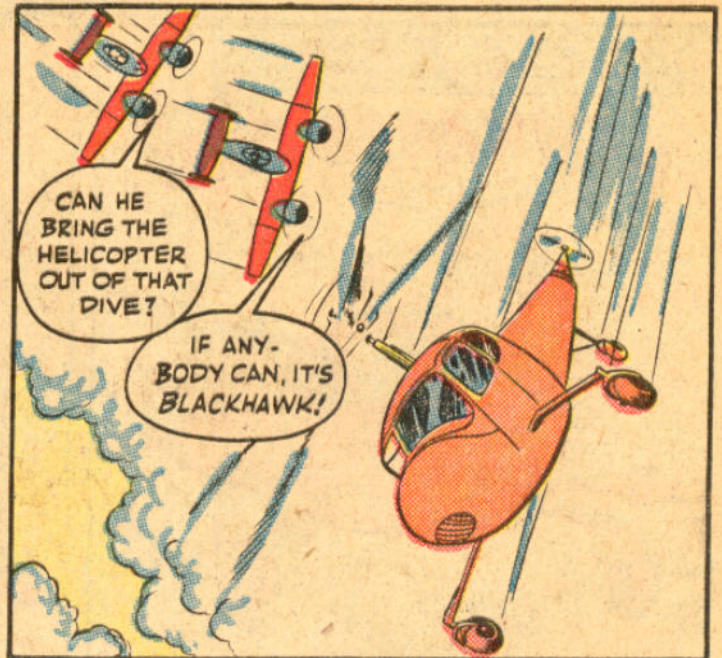
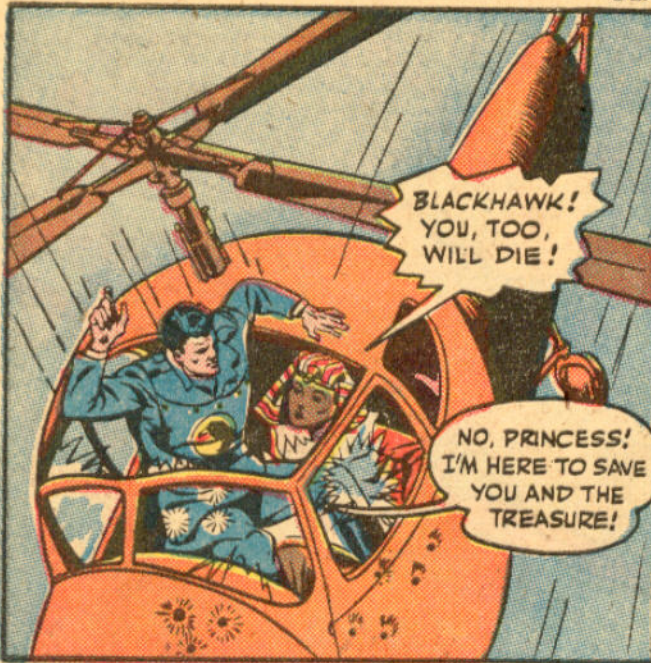
Then, in the airy heights, an unbelievable attempt takes place....



MY ONE CHANCE!



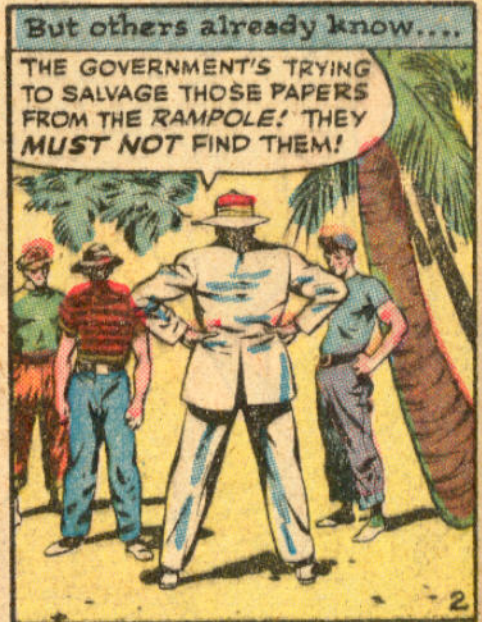
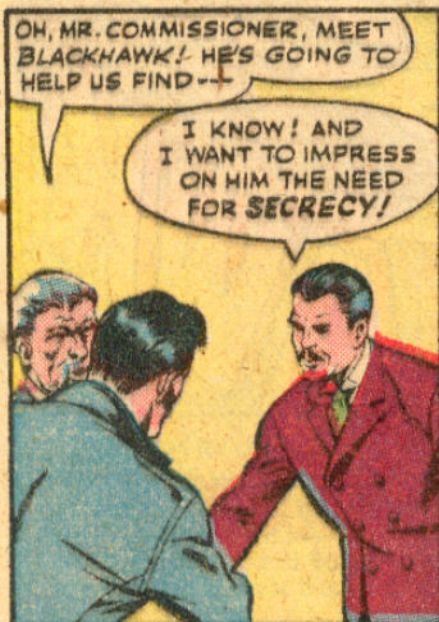
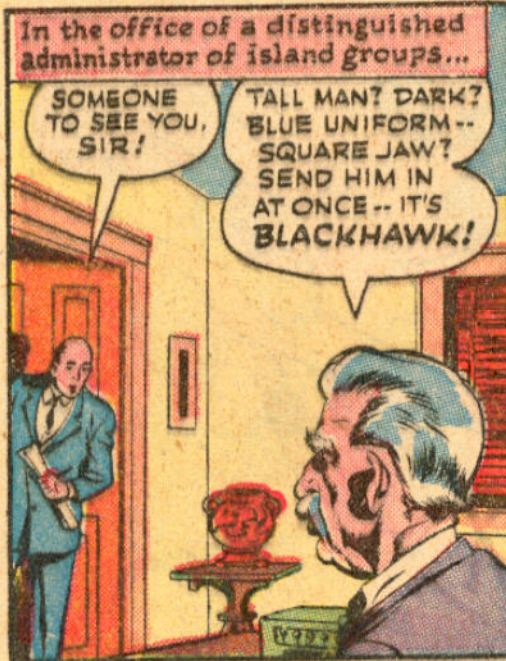
BLACKHAWK





When the sea gives up her secrets...
The Blackhawks have faced and
fought evil on land, on the waves,
in the air ---- and now they plumb
the depths of the ocean to solve
a mystery and force a showdown!

BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

THEY SEEM TO BE ASSIGNING SOMEONE CALLED BLACKHAWK TO THE JOB! GO GET HIM!

IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE!



And, later...

RIGHT, ANDRE! BEST PLACE TO MEET IS AT CORAL LAGOON!

HEAR THAT? CORAL LAGOON'S A LONELY PLACE! LET'S GET GOING!



HEY, YOU! STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

DOESN'T SOUND FRIENDLY OR CONVINCING!



YOU MISSED! I'LL GET HIM---

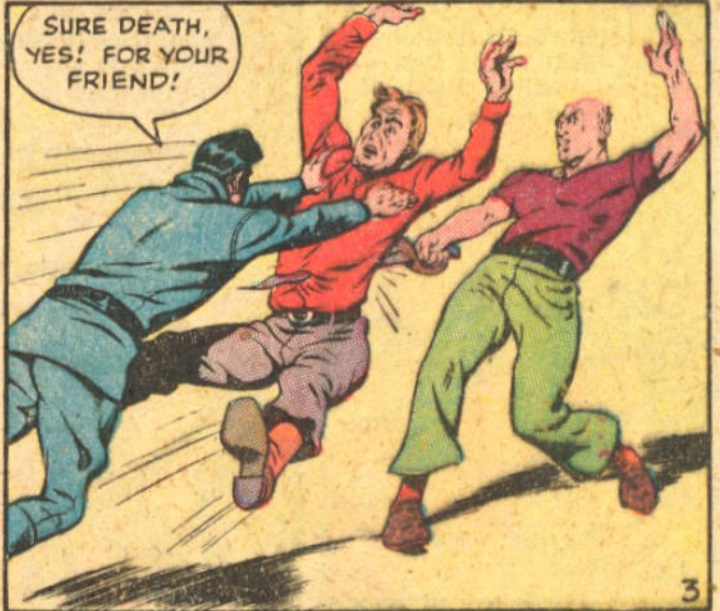


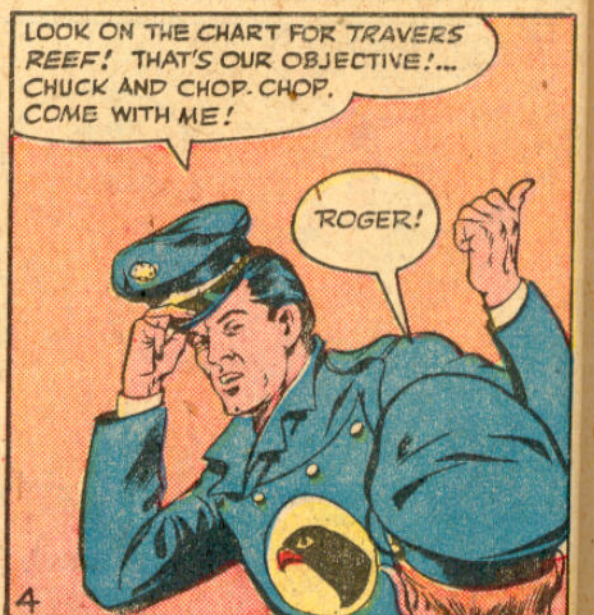
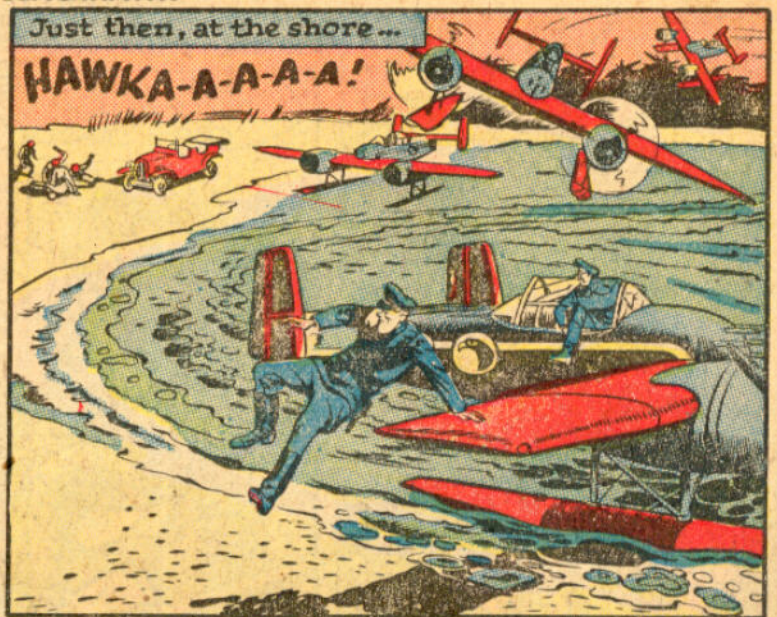
DON'T SHOOT!-- YOU'LL GET ME, TOO!

THIS IS SURE DEATH!



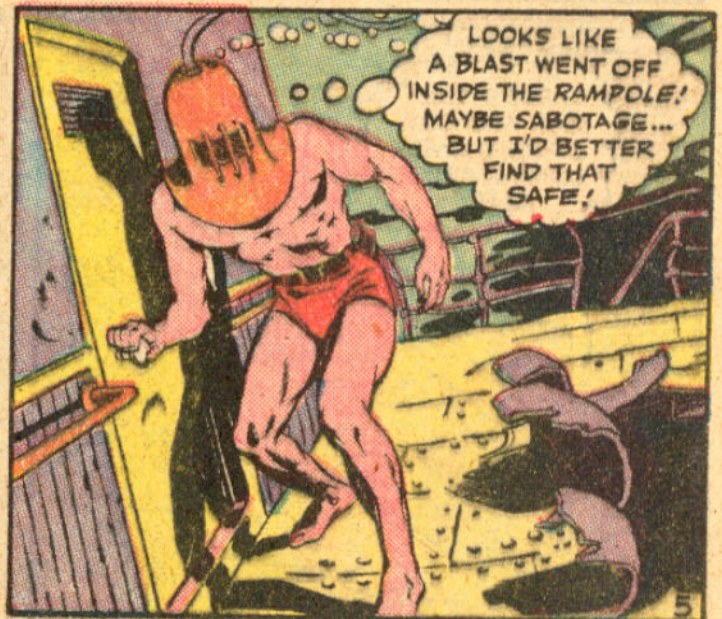
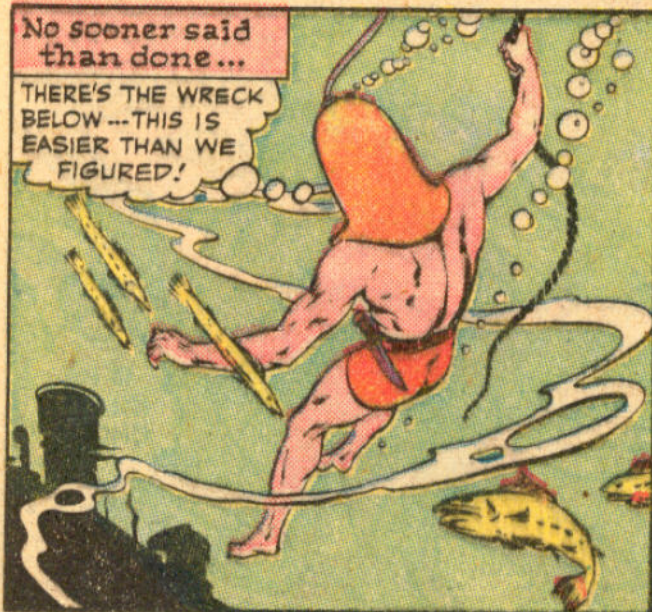
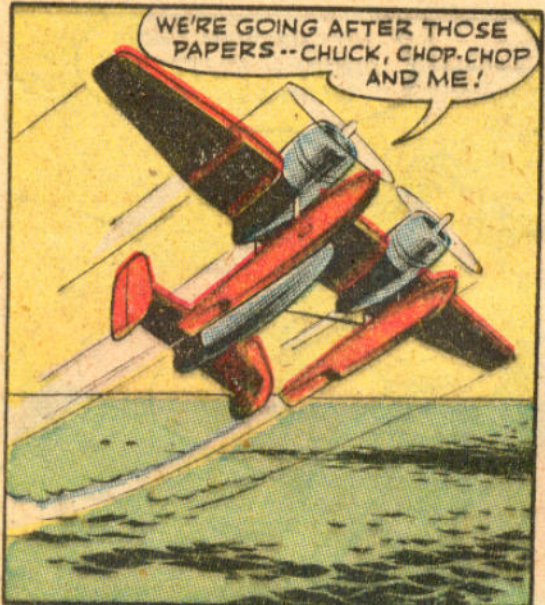
SURE DEATH, YES! FOR YOUR FRIEND!

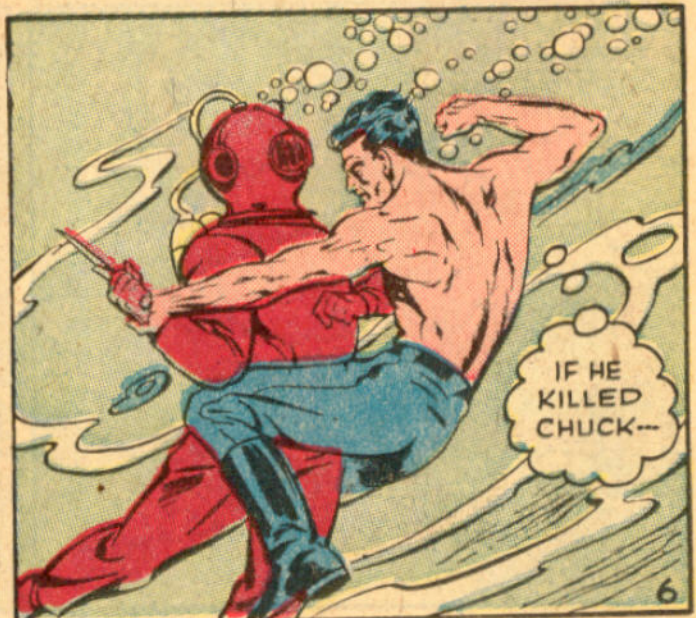
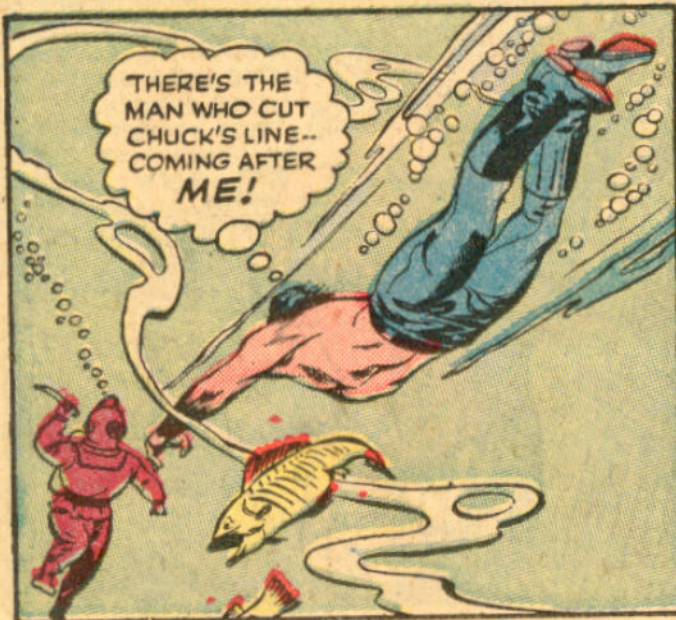
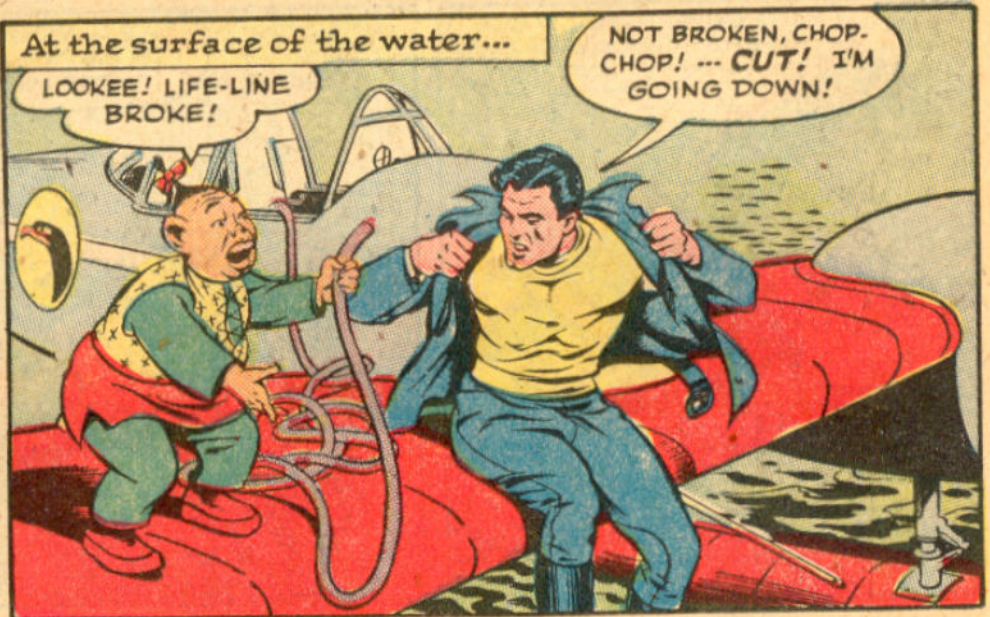
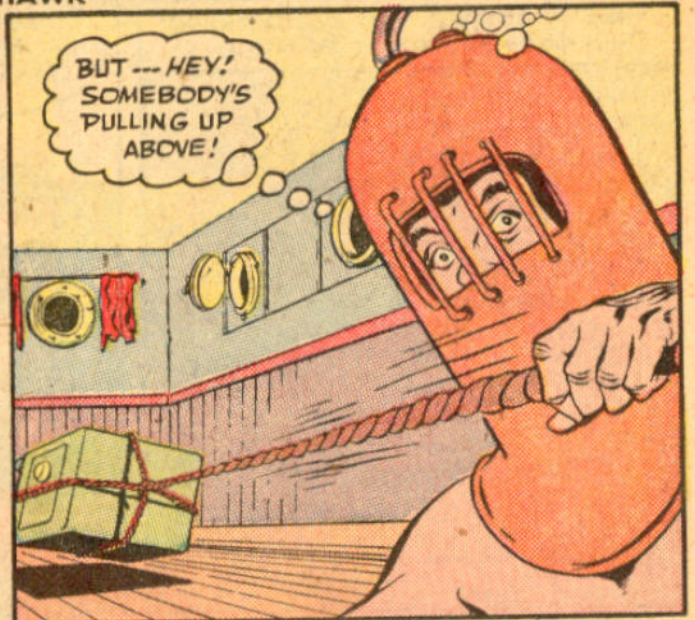
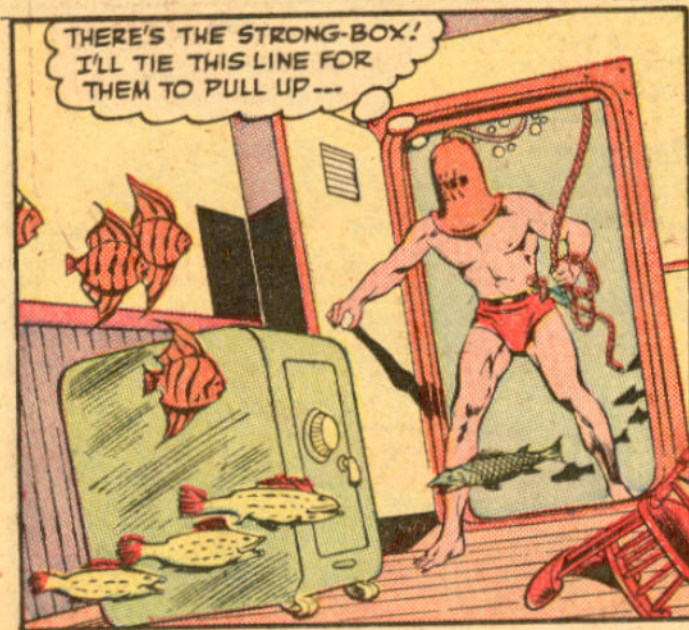


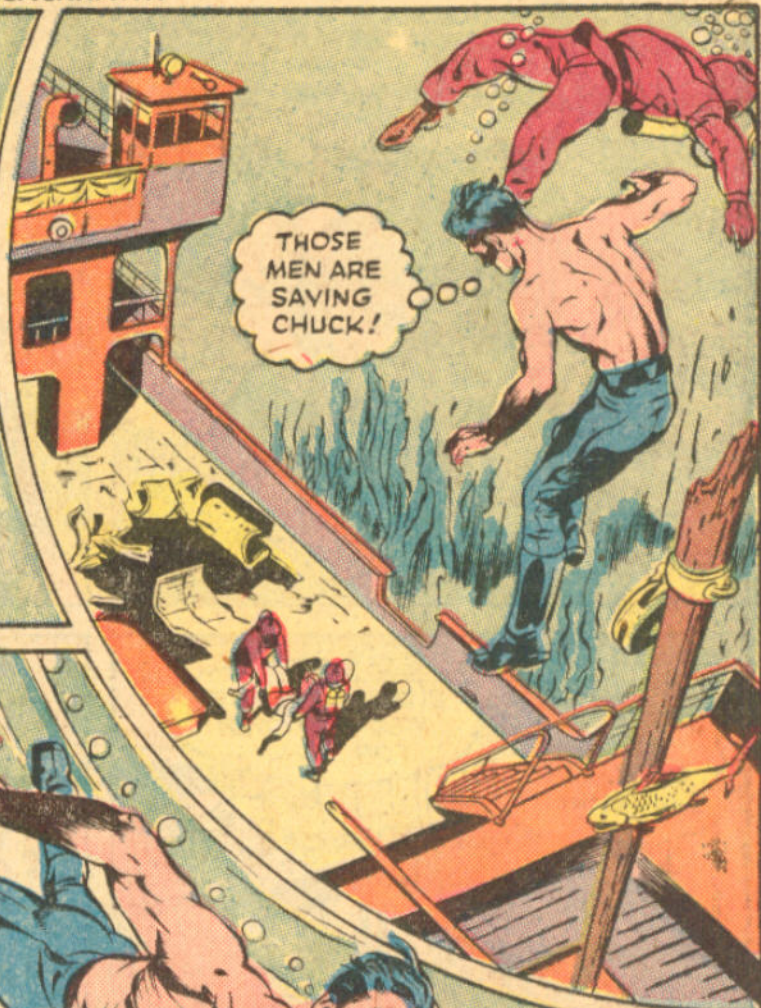


BLACKHAWK

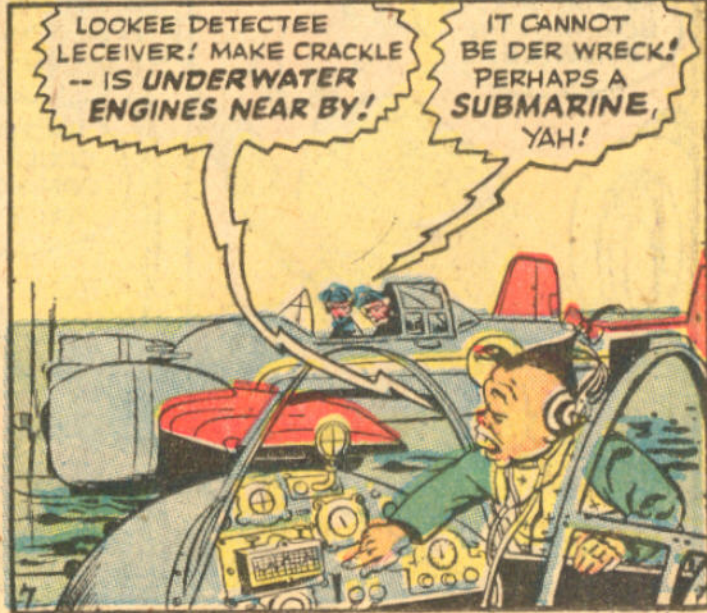
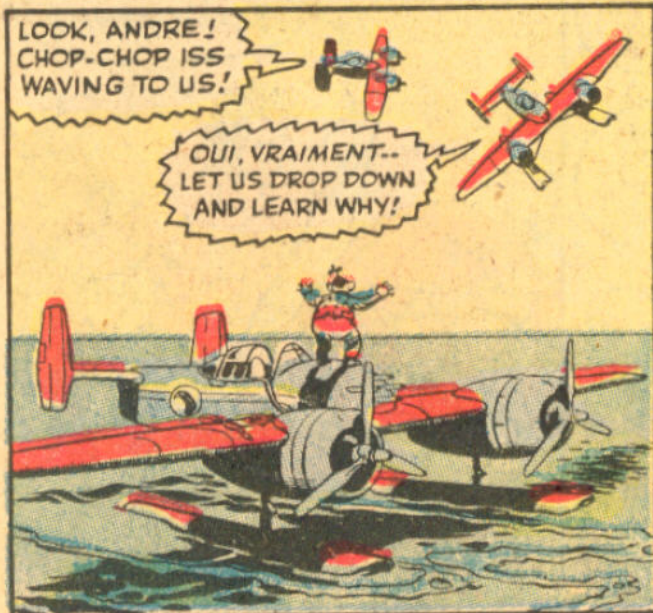
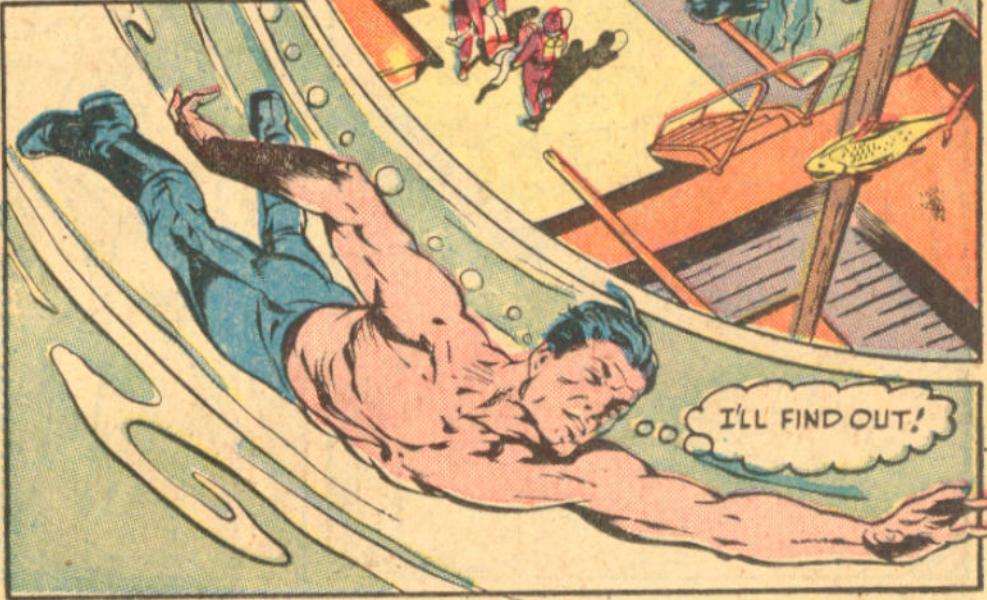
Swiftly flying, the Blackhawks find the reference point....

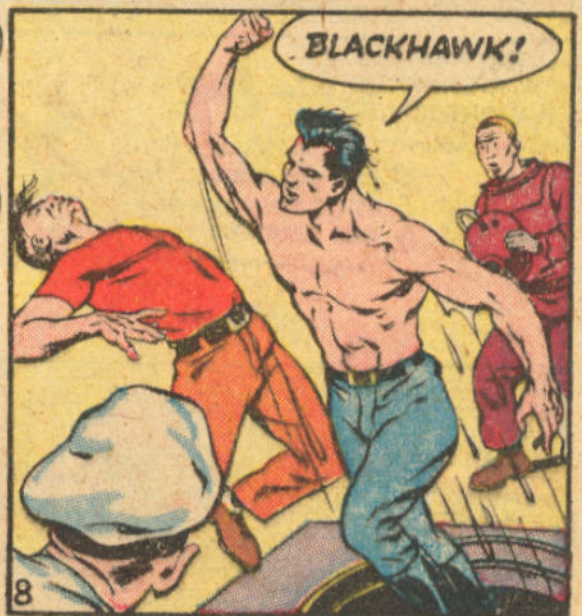
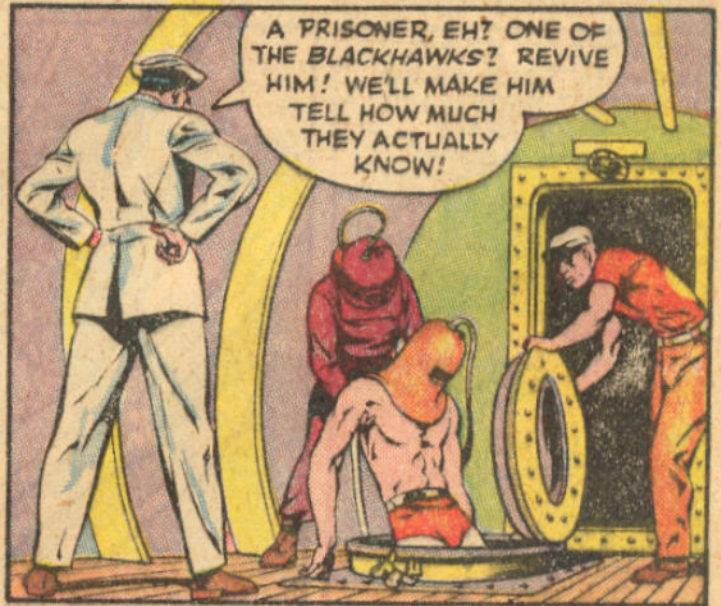
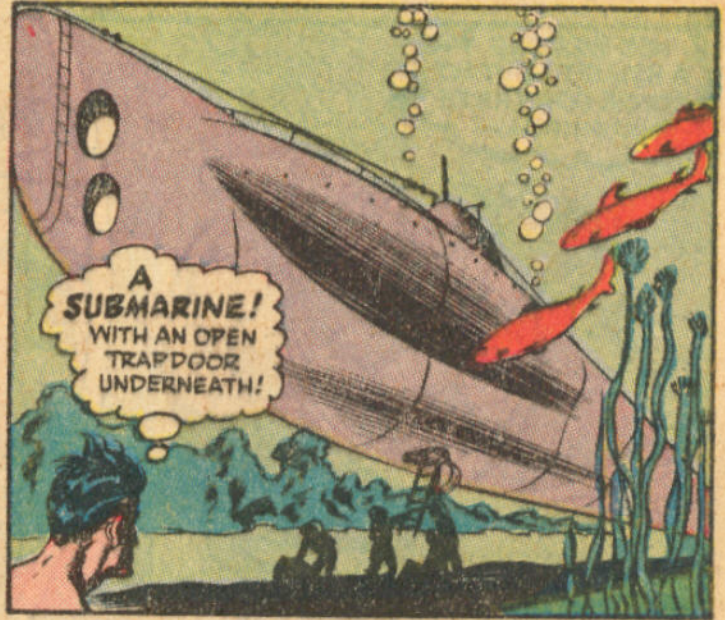




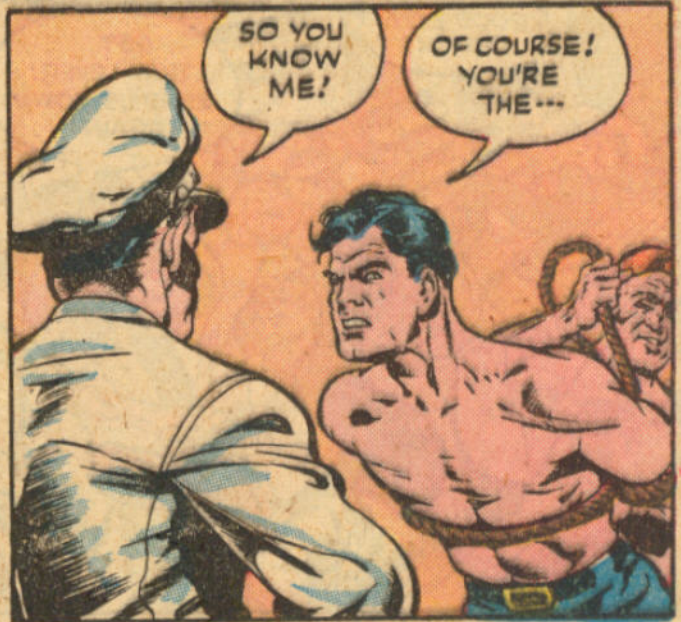
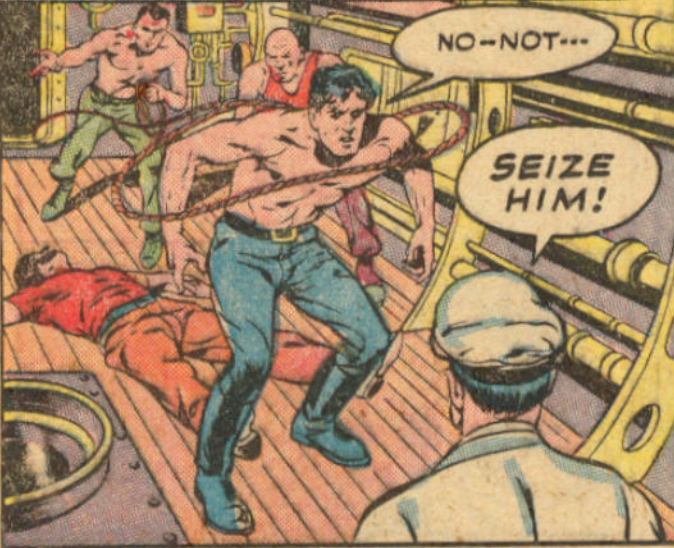


BUT IF THEY'RE SAVING HIM--WHY TRY TO DROWN HIM FIRST? WHERE WILL THEY TAKE HIM?





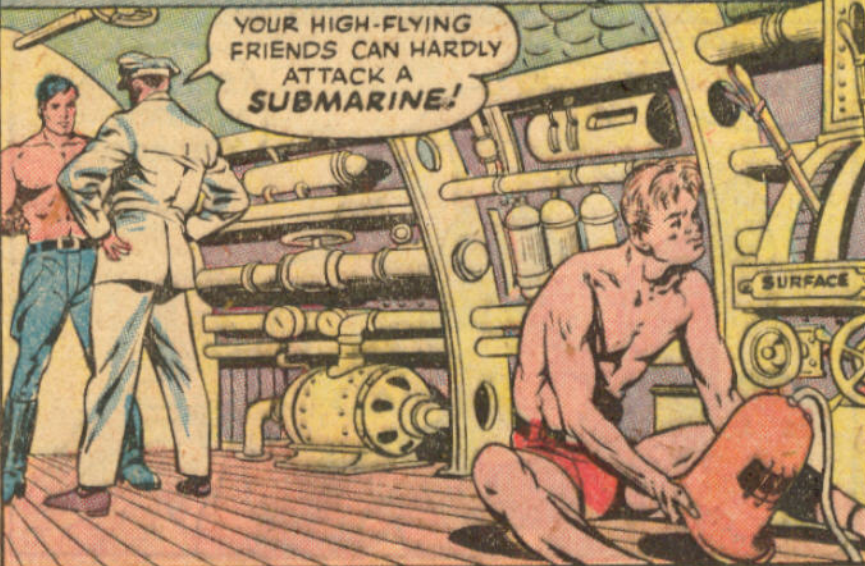
But what Blackhawk sees makes him stop short for one fatal moment---

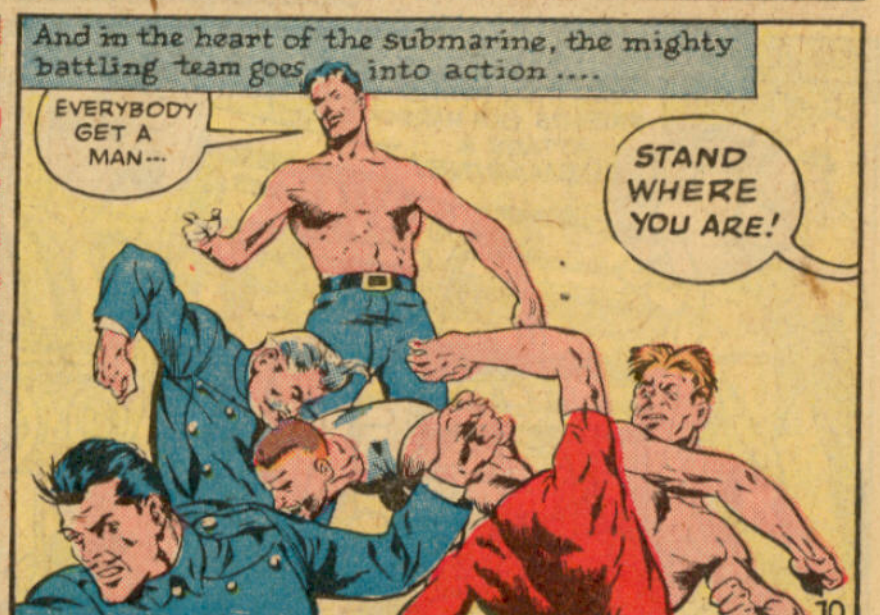
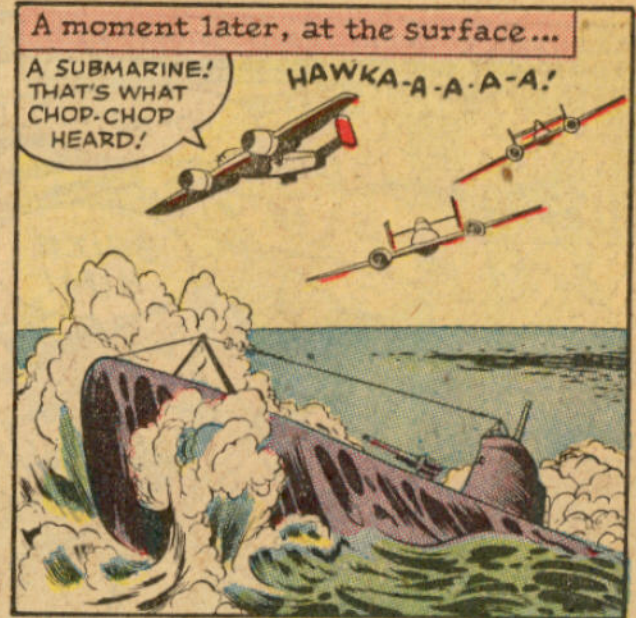
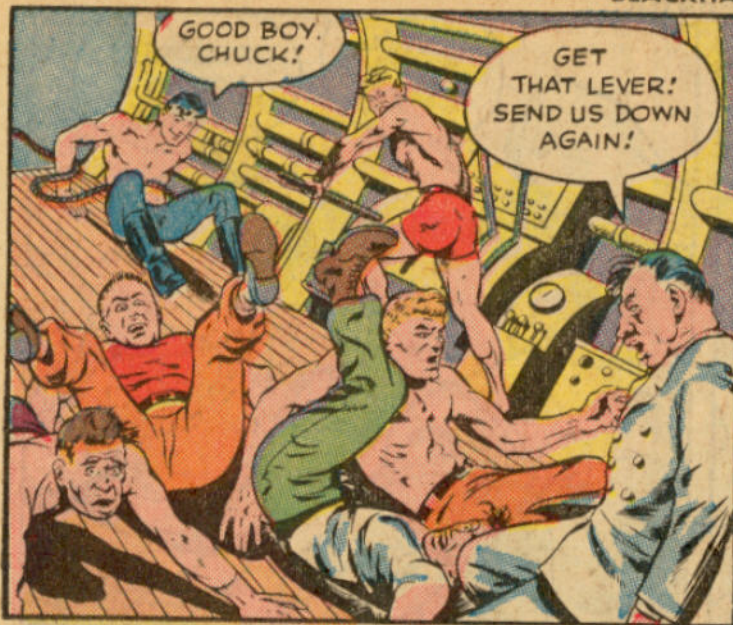


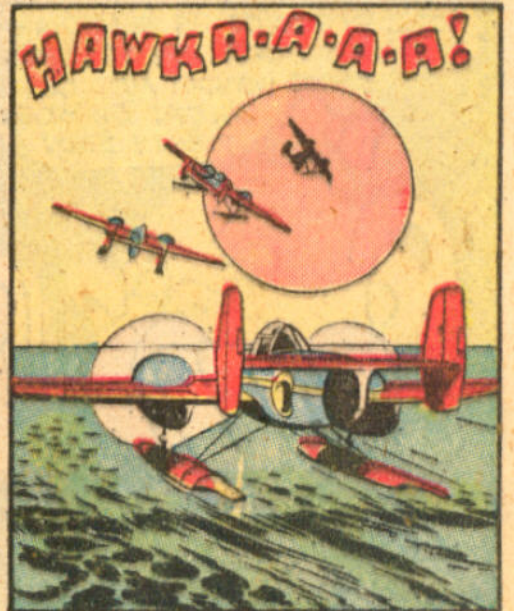
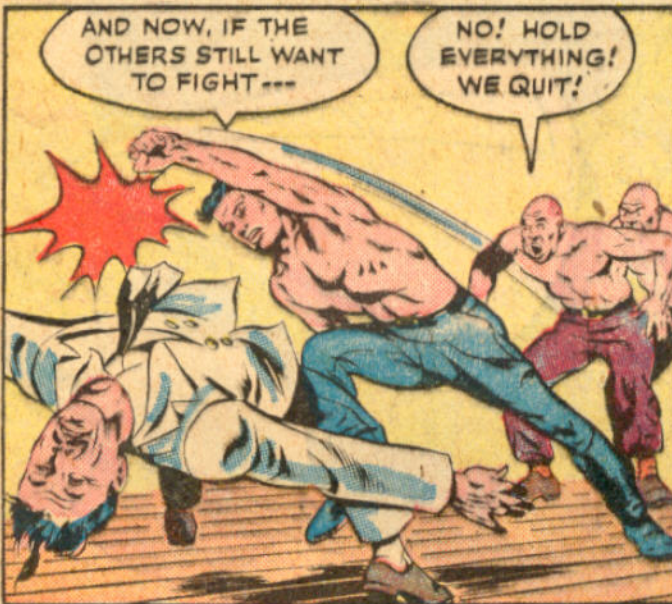
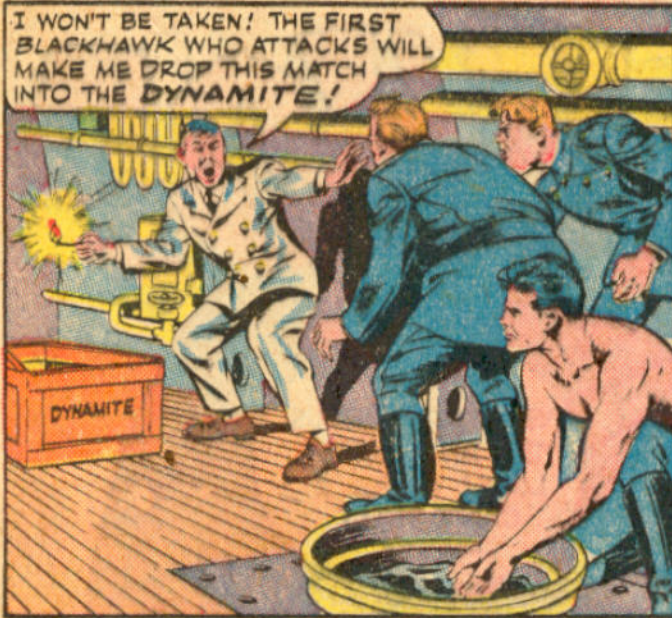
THE COMMISSIONER!
YOU SEE, IT WAS I WHO WAS INCRIMINATED BY THOSE PAPERS! I DIDN'T DARE LET YOU GET THEM!



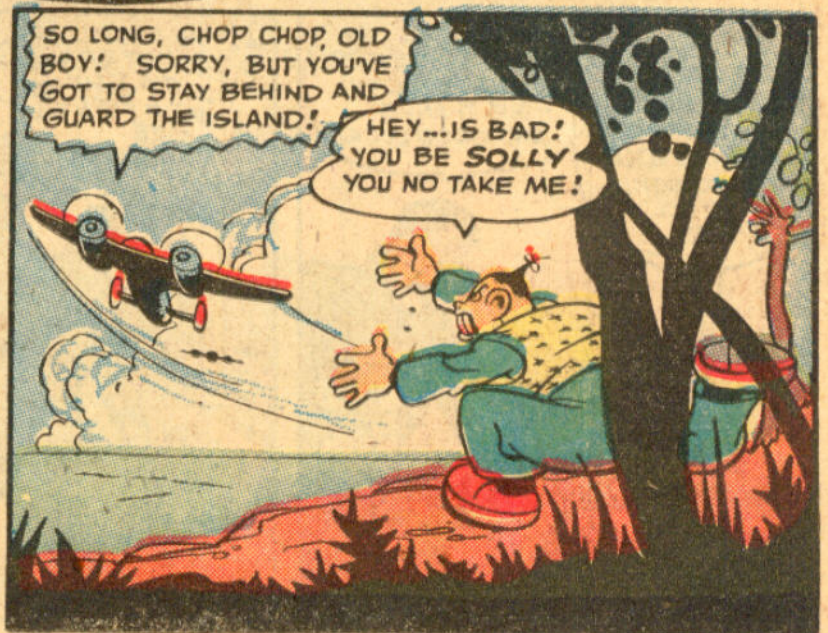
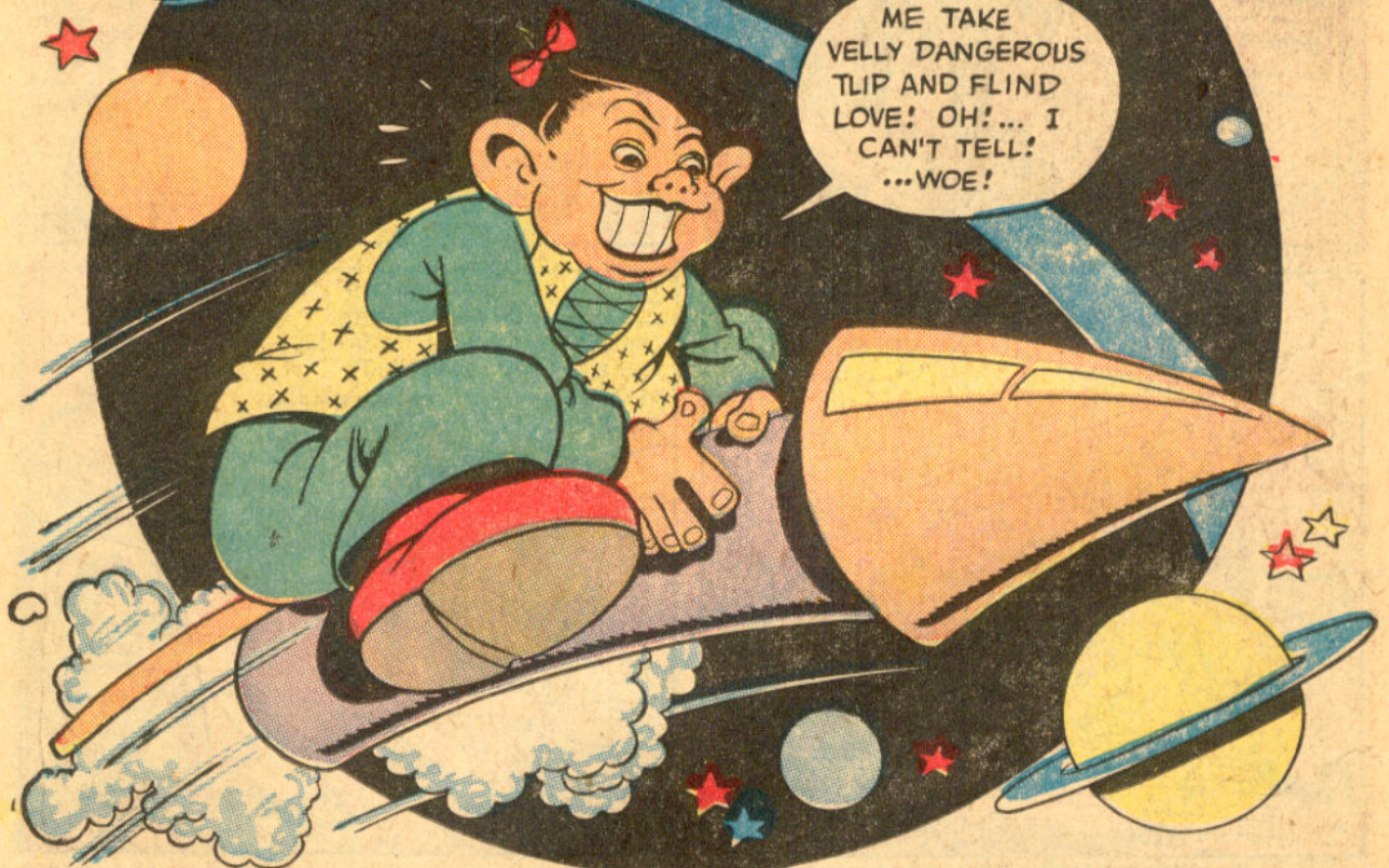
The excitement has caused all to forget Chuck---

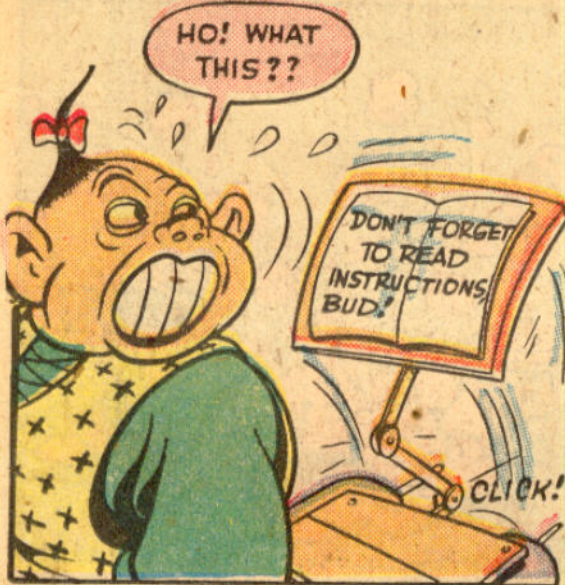
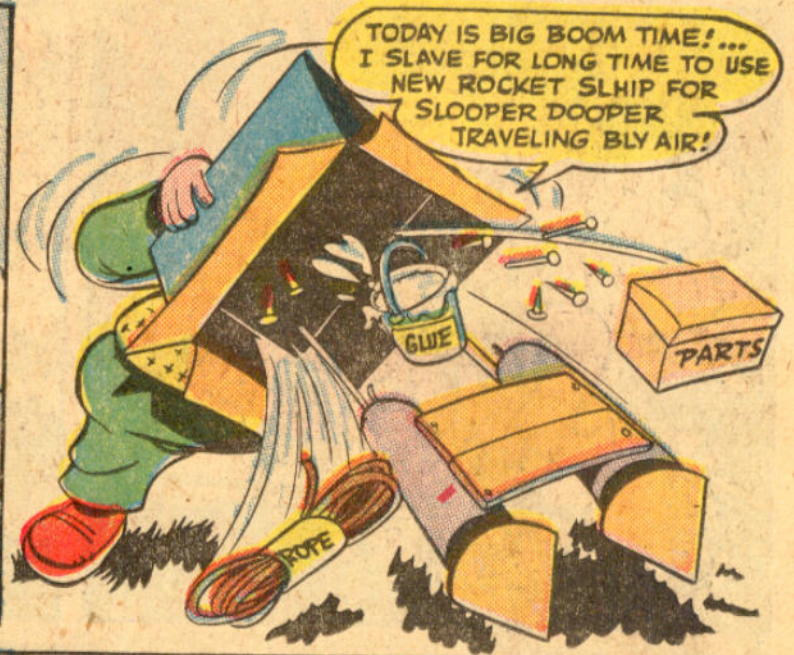


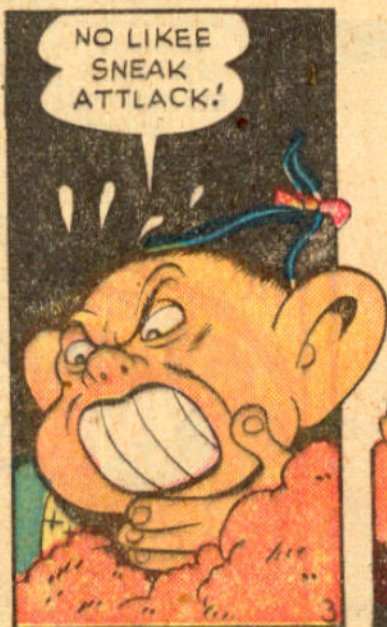
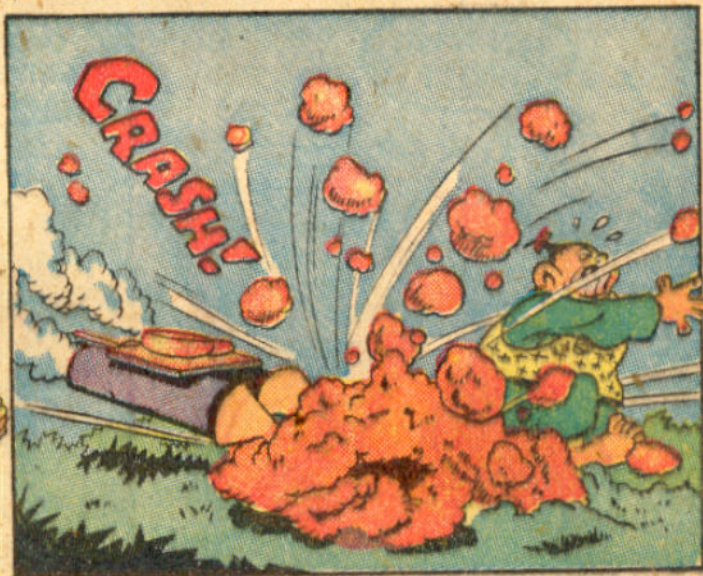
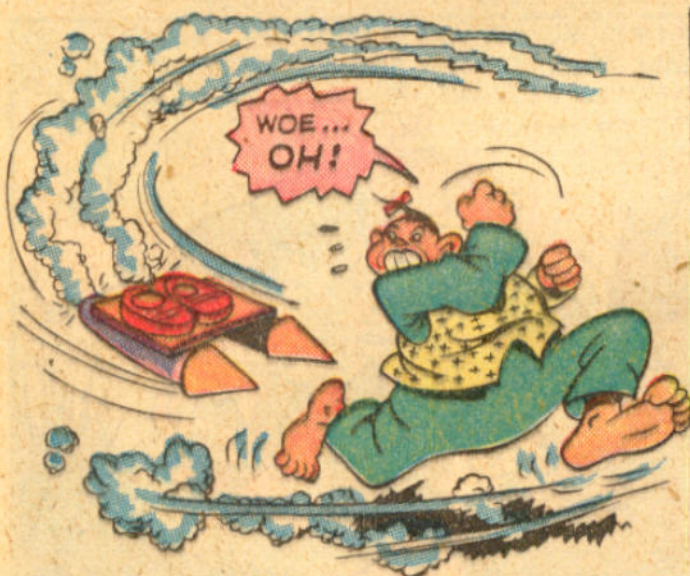
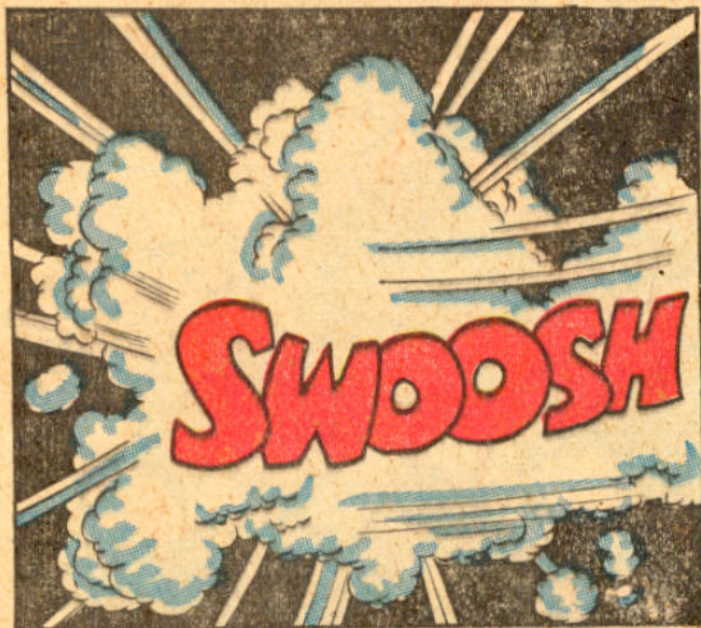


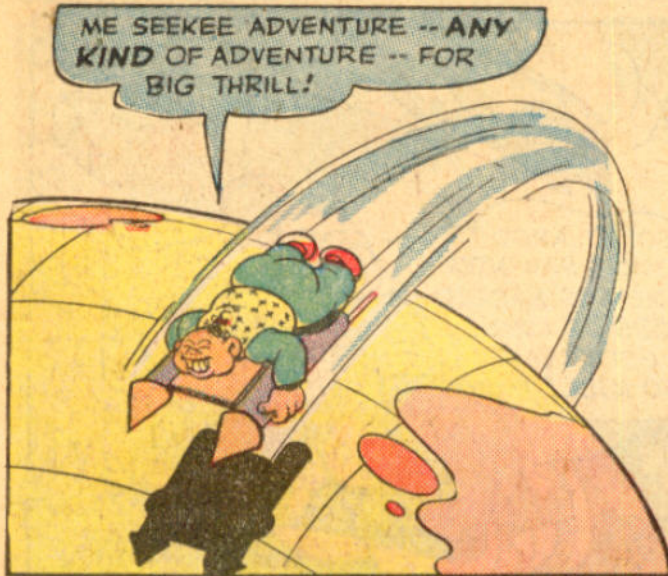
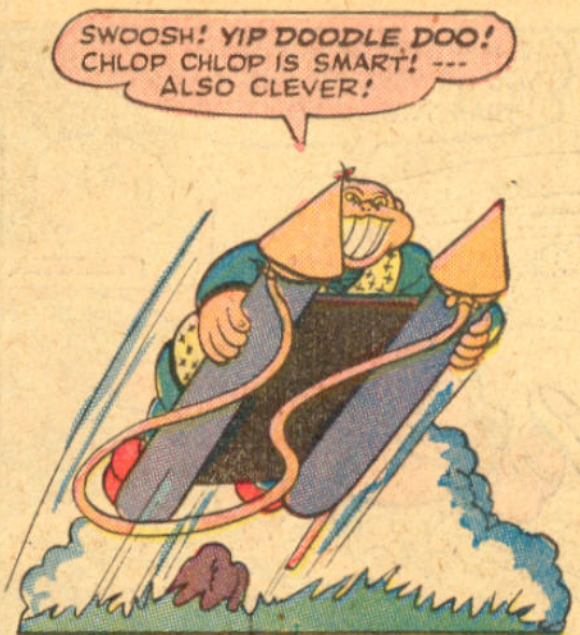
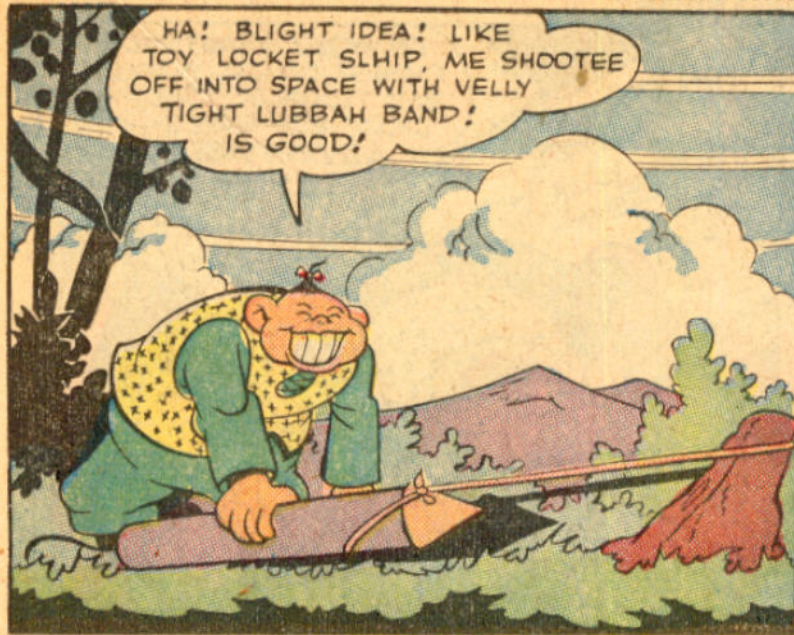


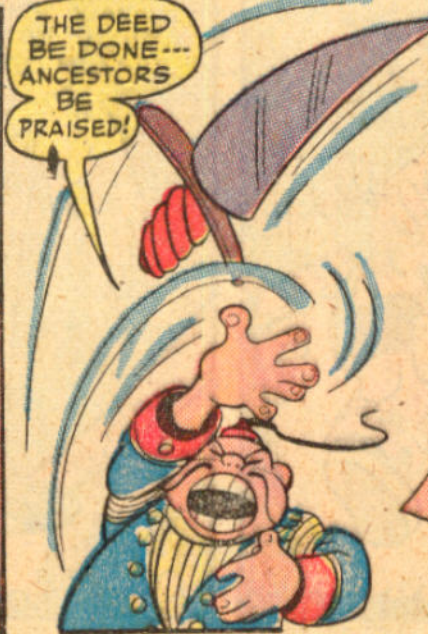
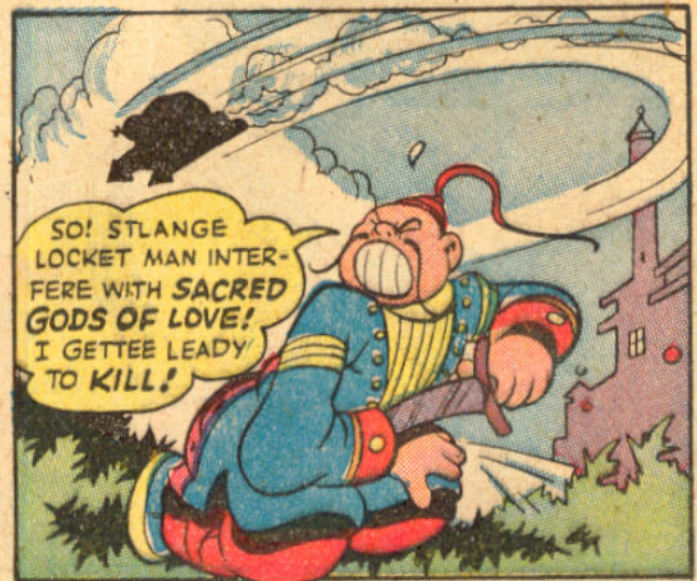
CHOP CHOP

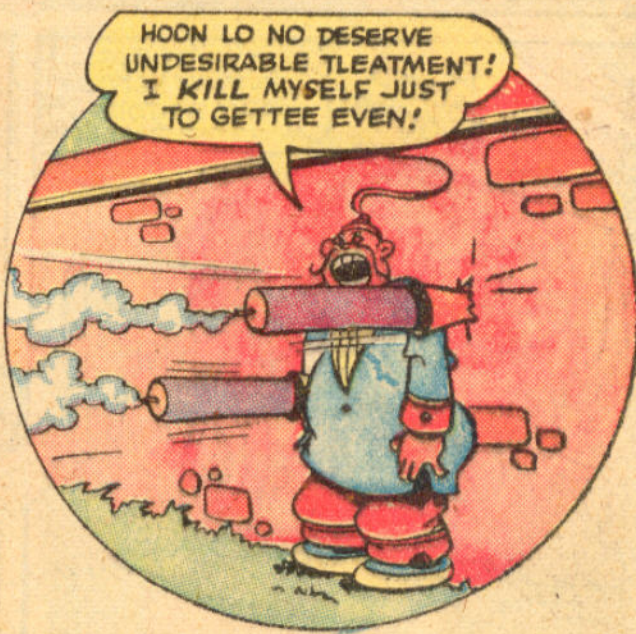
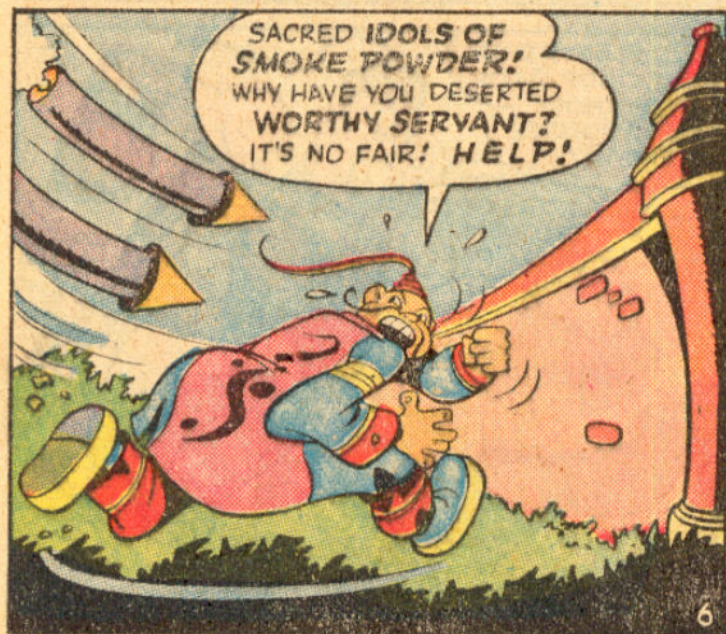
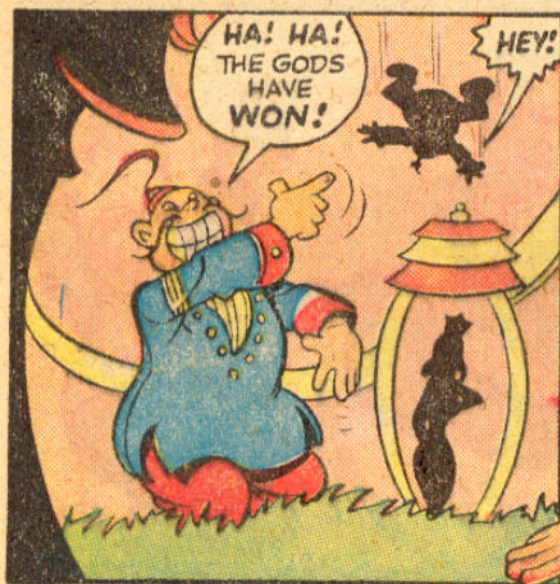
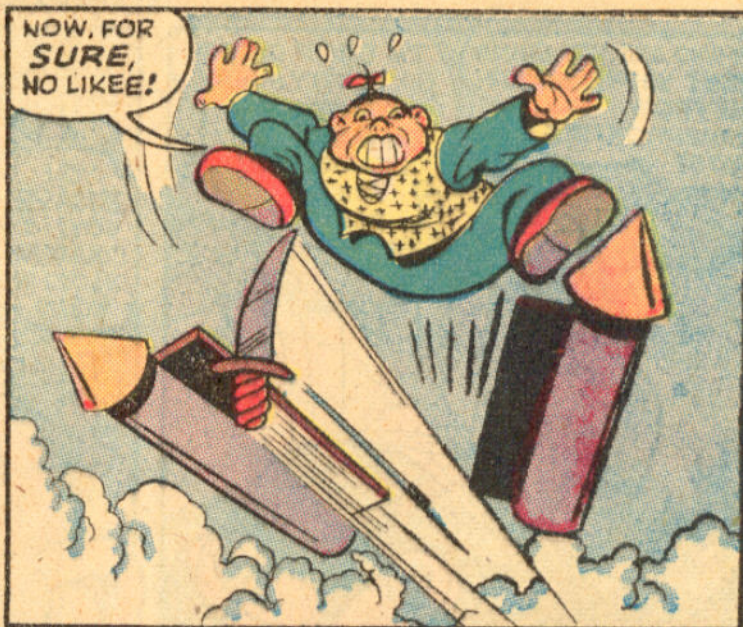


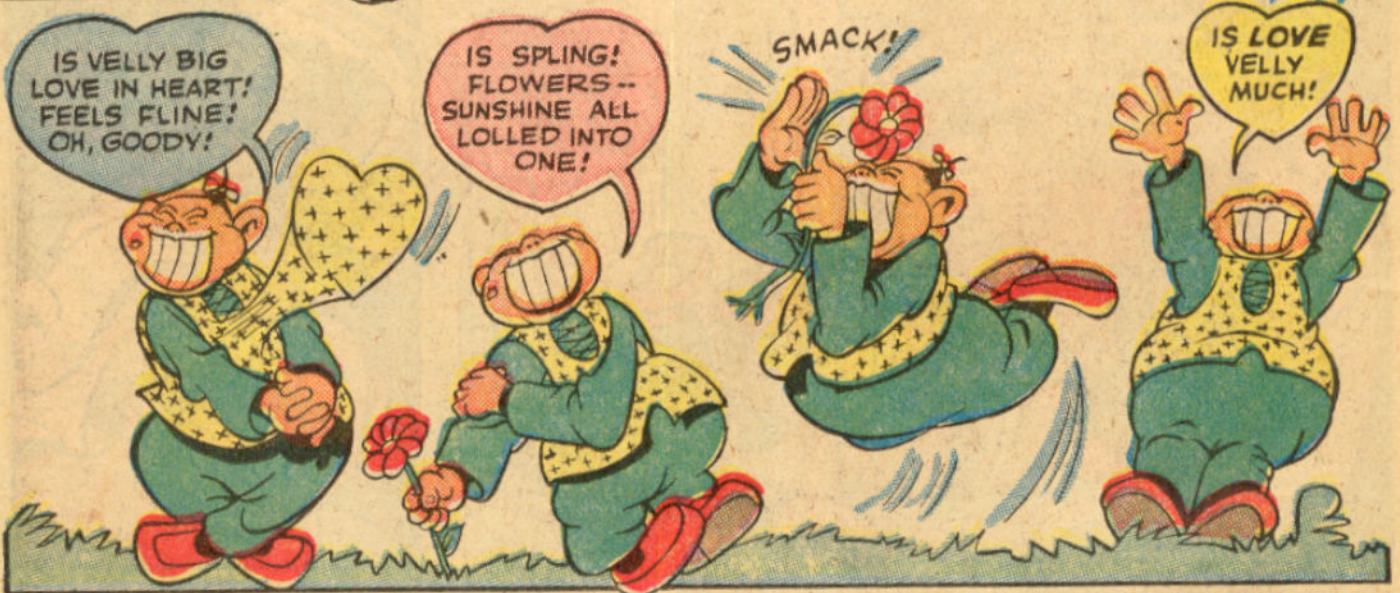
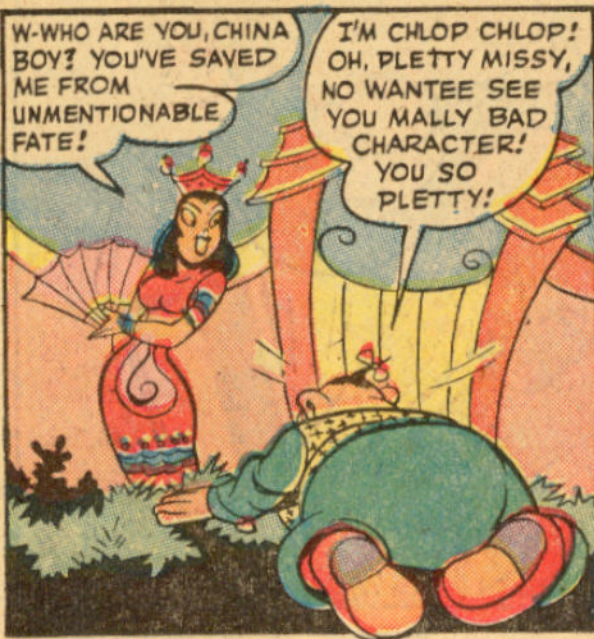




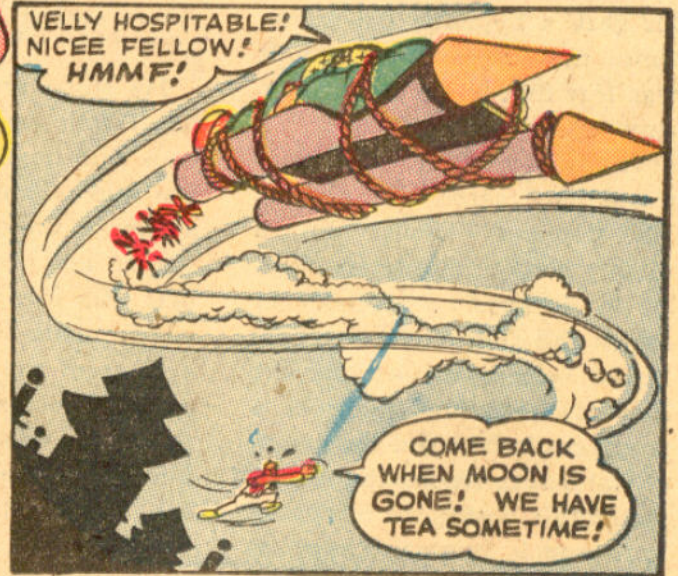
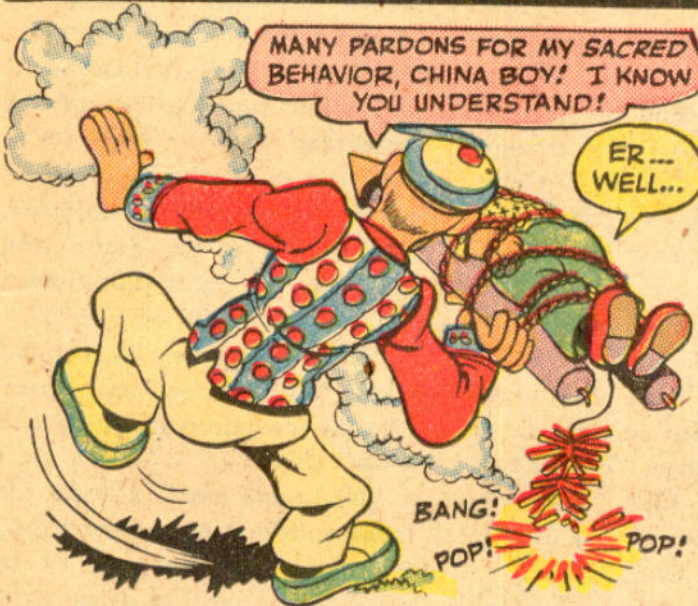
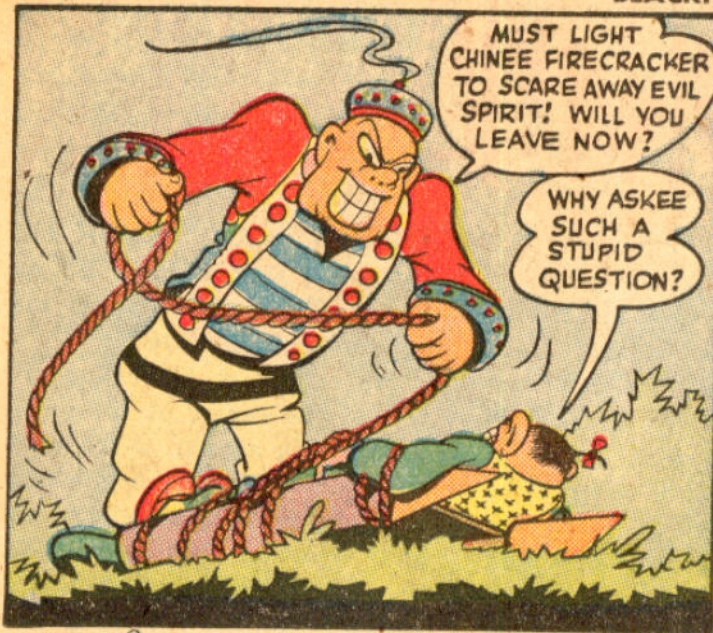








BLACKHAWK



Ten minutes later, in the kitchen on Blackhawk Island...



A MIRROR FOR MANJORR

SCIENTISTS would undoubtedly disagree about what gave Manjorr his terrible power—if science had ever had a chance to pry into it. It is certain that, if he stared fixedly into any man's eyes, that man died—because countless men were finished in that way. Some say Manjorr was a servant of the Evil One, with magic gifts; some called the deadliness of his gaze a hypnotic power ten times multiplied; some say it was fear that killed his victims. Anyway, they died.

His ability to kill with a stare made him feared and obeyed. He gathered about him a mighty band of murderers, skilled in a thousand methods of attack and destruction, men who feared nothing except Manjorr himself; and with these in a rocky castle he ruled the nation of Rahl, deep among the Asiatic mountains, with none to oppose his demands for wealth, supplies or authority—until the Blackhawks came.

Manjorr may have been as fierce a foe as some the Blackhawks have met and overthrown, but no fiercer. Blackhawks do not stare their enemies to death, but their enemies die. For once the enslaved people around Manjorr's castle saw, and knew that Manjorr had a force to reckon with in the blue-uniformed heroes whose planes dropped singing out of the sky. There was rebellion, a bloody clash or two between Manjorr's lieutenants and the rebellious people led by the Blackhawks; then Man-

jorr drew his forces into the castle and barred the gates.

"We'll wait here for Blackhawk and his bullies," said Manjorr coldly. "He can't get in here except by attack. We have plenty of food and weapons, and a well of water. If he fights us here on our own grounds, we'll destroy him. And then we'll teach those rebels outside a lesson that the survivors among them won't forget."

He stood among his brutal-faced followers, a tall sinewy man who might have been any age and of any race. He wore a simple uniform with no insignia, and no weapons at his belt. His face was dead white, which made his wide brilliant eyes seem the more startlingly dark. "There are only seven of them," he finished. "Blackhawk himself, Andre, Olaf, Hendrickson, Chuck, Stanislaus and that little fat fool, Chop-Chop."

"Seven's a lucky number—for Blackhaws," one of the garrison dared say. "They've fought and beaten whole nations——"

"You want to argue with me?" inquired Manjorr, turning toward the speaker, and the speaker lowered his face quickly, lest Manjorr stare into his eyes and bring the finish to a very vile career.

"Man the walls," ordered Manjorr. "Double guards at the gate. They are so few that they'll attack in a body at one point. When they come, rush the reserves to that point and wipe them out. If the issue

seems in doubt, I myself will come and look at these Blackhawks. That always settle the debate—permanently."

He retired to his headquarters at the center of the inner defenses, in a room which held the choicest treasures gleaned by many years of plunder, theft and extortion. His men took their posts as he had bade them. Nobody thought of following Manjorr, for he always guarded his privacy in ways that horrified even the hardest of his henchmen.

In the dusk, the Blackhawks sneaked close through tall grass within view of the castle, and looked at the lights that glowed at its window-slits.

"Do it in a rush," suggested Olaf, Viking-huge and grim. "Better we yump in quick and ——"

"No, *mon ami*," argued the more subtle Andre, wiry-strong and graceful. "Let one of us attract ze attention at ze gate. Ze rest, finding ze weakest point——"

"Und vot point iss veakest?" growled burly Hendrickson. "I haf scouted round der valls—dey are high und strong. Ve better get our planes, drop bombs."

"Bombs are sometimes good," Blackhawk told them all, "but complete victory comes only when we move in ourselves. And I sent Chop-Chop here to get some information. Let him talk."

The little Chinese flashed his teeth in a grin. "Me finnee plentee," he began. "Join slave party and go inside castle gounds.

BLACKHAWK

Big flesh-water well there—runee plenty water, but none runee out. What that mean?”

“That you wasted your time,” suggested Chuck. “I’m like Olaf, do it in a rush.”

“Wrong,” said Blackhawk. “If the water spouts inside the well but doesn’t run over, there’s an underground stream. It flows into the river yonder,” and he pointed. “I scouted there myself and found it spurting out of a cavelike tunnel. We go upstream like a salmon, climb out, and——”

“*C’est incroyable*—incredible!” applauded Andre. “Let us be doing!”

They had secured a canoe from a native, without saying what it was for. The stream in the tunnel was swift and strong, but six of the Blackhawks dug powerfully in with paddles and fought their way up the underground current. The seventh, Chop-Chop, held a light in the bow.

“Me see light ahead,” he reported, and doused his own. They could all see a gleam on the running waters.”

“Quiet, and paddle together,” ordered Blackhawk. The boat labored the rest of the way shadow-silent until they saw above them the opening of the well. Blackhawk groped and found the rope that dangled a bucket.

“Follow me,” he whispered, and drew himself swiftly up, hand over hand.

Most of the garrison never knew how or why they perished. The Blackhawks poured out of the well, struck down the nearest enemy, and seized their weapons. Others, rushing to the scene, died like flies under a hail of bullets from captured

automatic rifles. The defenders fired in return, many dying under the bullets of their friends. The Blackhawks were taking the castle from the inside out.

“Divide into two bands,” hastily commanded Blackhawk, “and circle the walls in opposite directions, cleaning up the sentries. I’m going after Manjorr.”

A wounded captive, questioned sternly, gasped out what little he knew of the castle-master’s inner headquarters—he could do no more than point to the door. Blackhawk entered.

The interior of the passage was dark, but Blackhawk was as night-wise as a fox. His delicately exploring hand found a trip-wire that would set off a mine, and he avoided this. Again he found a doorway but, before going through, felt ahead with a pole, and a heavy guillotine-like blade dropped to cut the tough wood, as it would have slashed him in two had he moved unwisely. One chamber was full of poisonous spiders, and Blackhawk paused to light fire to the wall-hangings, burning many to death and causing the others to scuttle to safety. At length he came to a door with a light above, and the printed command **KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING**.

He stood across the room and threw bits of plaster. As he had expected, an explosion shook the door at the very point a knocker would stand. Blackhawk grinned, walked close and opened the door, then entered the dim room beyond.

“You must be Blackhawk,” said a dry voice. “I can think of nobody else who would reach here alive unless I led him. Better not strike a light, I have a way of killing with a look.”

“So I’ve heard,” replied

Blackhawk, “I came prepared for that, Manjorr.”

“You mean you’ll look away from me,” Manjorr suggested. “If you do that, I’ll kill you easily and in some ordinary fashion—with a knife or club—for you won’t be able to watch and defend yourself. Don’t try to get away.”

“I’m not going to,” said Blackhawk, walking toward the voice. He came almost within arm’s length of a dim silhouette in the center of the room.

“That’s close enough,” Manjorr announced. “Now I’ll turn on the lights. Face my eyes if you dare. When you’ve fallen dead, I’ll step out and trade glances with your meddlers in the outer grounds.”

Manjorr flicked a switch, and brilliant radiance flooded the chamber. Thrusting his face almost into Blackhawk’s, he concentrated the full power of his brilliant, death-filled eyes.

But Blackhawk was holding a hand at eye level, its palm toward Manjorr. For a moment the two stood thus. Then Manjorr drew his breath sharply, as if in agony, spun around and fell as limply as a rag doll. He did not move.

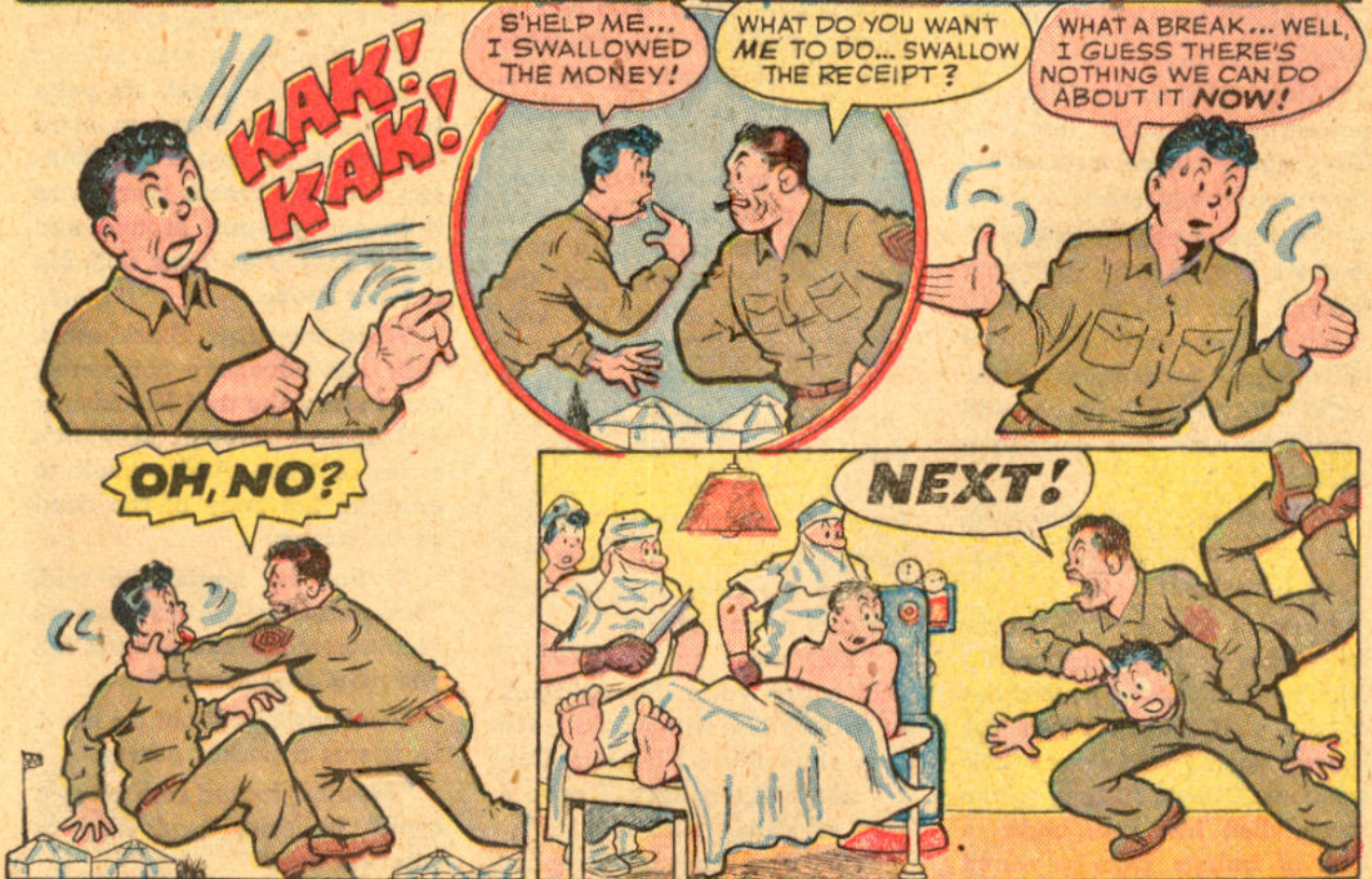
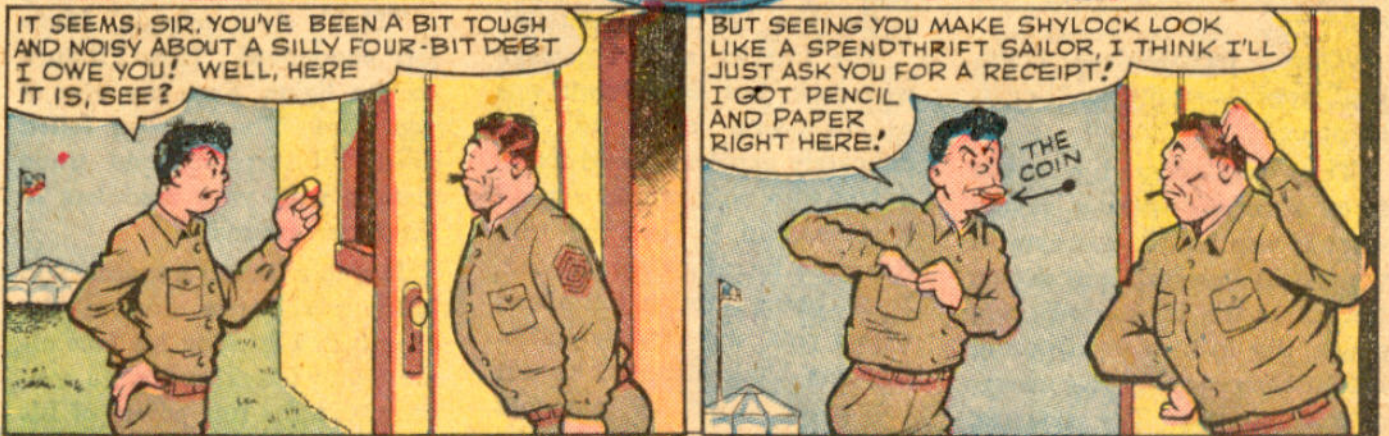
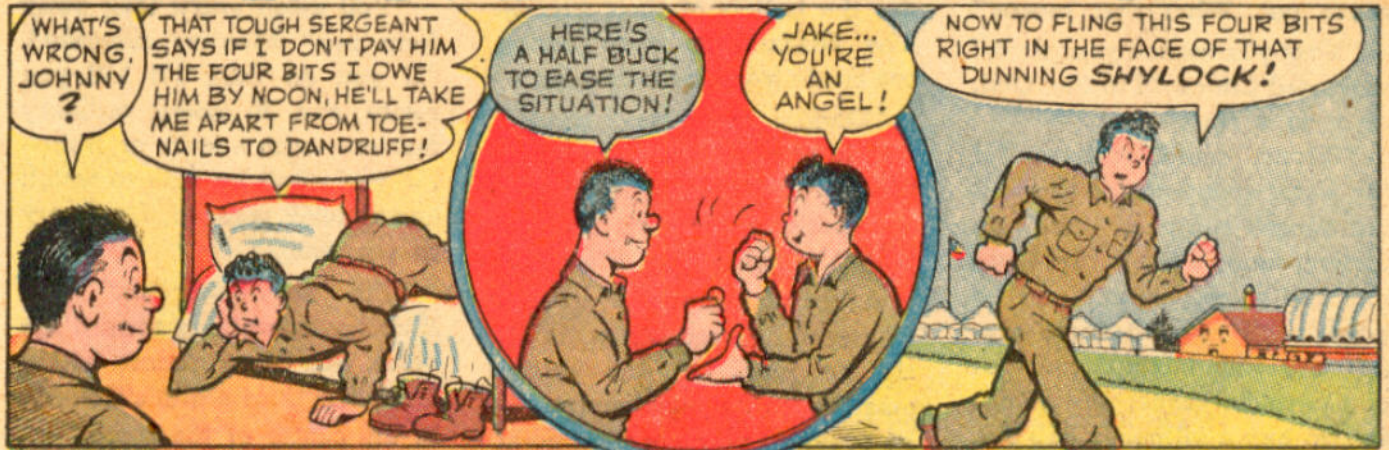
When the other Blackhawks, their last adversary conquered, came along the trail Blackhawk had opened through Manjorr’s series of traps, Andre knelt to examine the body of the dead castle-master.

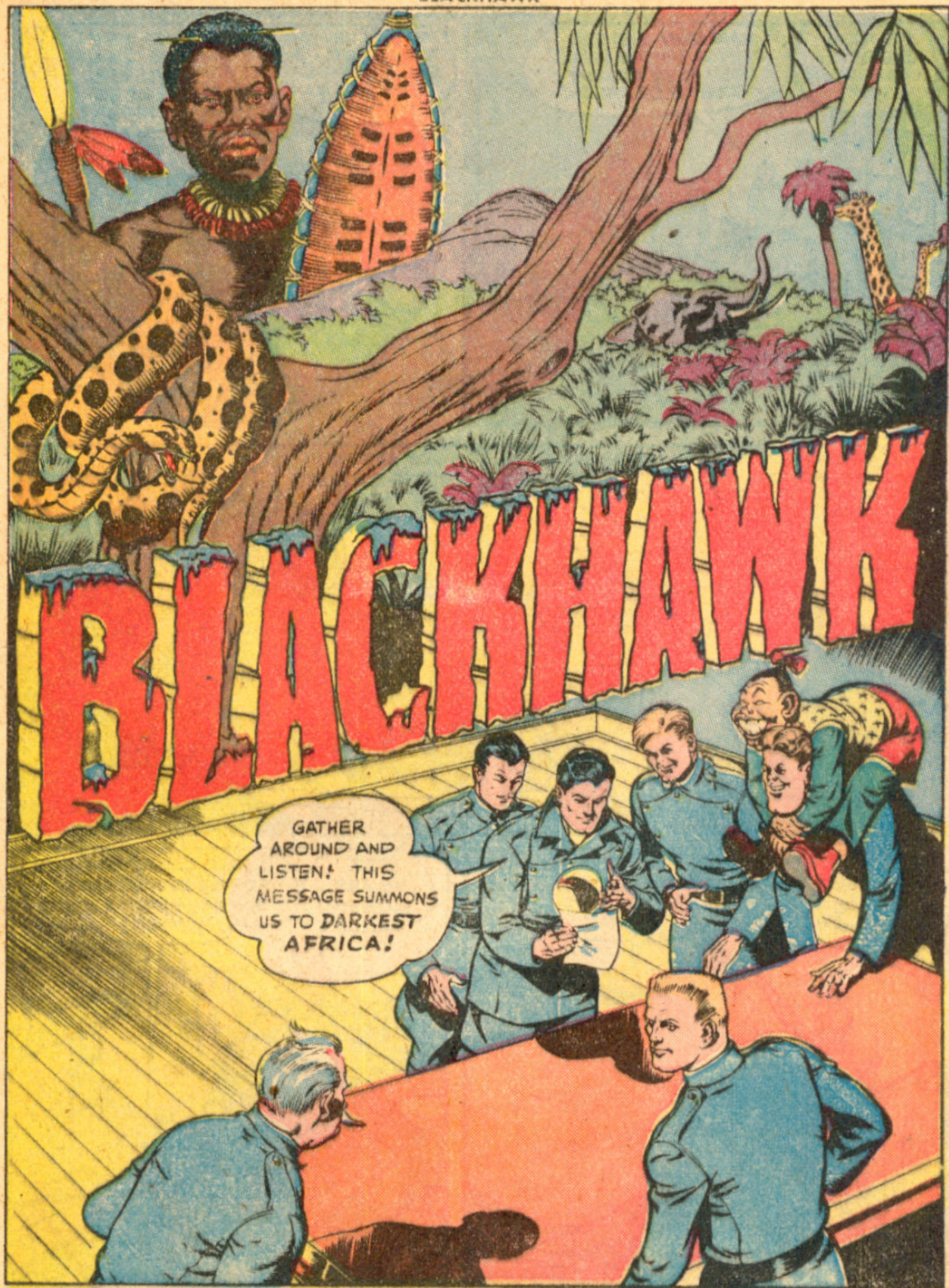
“I find no mark,” he said, “but *parbleau*, he ees dead as ze mackerel! What weapon did you use, Blackhawk?”

Blackhawk held out his hand. In it was a pocket mirror.

“Manjorr looked into his own eyes,” he said, “and died of what he saw.”

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY





BLACKHAWK



IT'S FROM SUZETTE-- REMEMBER HER?

MAIS OUI! SHE EES FRENCH, LIKE ME, LIVING DEEP IN ZE DESERT COUNTRY OF AFRICA!--

AY BAN REMEMBER HER, ANDRE -- PURTY GAL, GOOT FIGHTER! WHAT SHE BAN WANT?

LEND ZE EAR, OLAF! BLACK-HAWK WILL READ ZE LETTAIR!



IT SAYS HERE -- "I KNOW THERE'S TROUBLE TO THE SOUTH OF MY OASIS, AND I'M NOT CAPABLE OF STOPPING IT! CAN YOU HELP?"

MUST BE BIG TROUBLE TO SLOW UP A CLEAN-STRAIN GAL LIKE SUZETTE!



WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GET GOING?

YOU BAT!

YAH!



And soon, southward over the Sahara ...

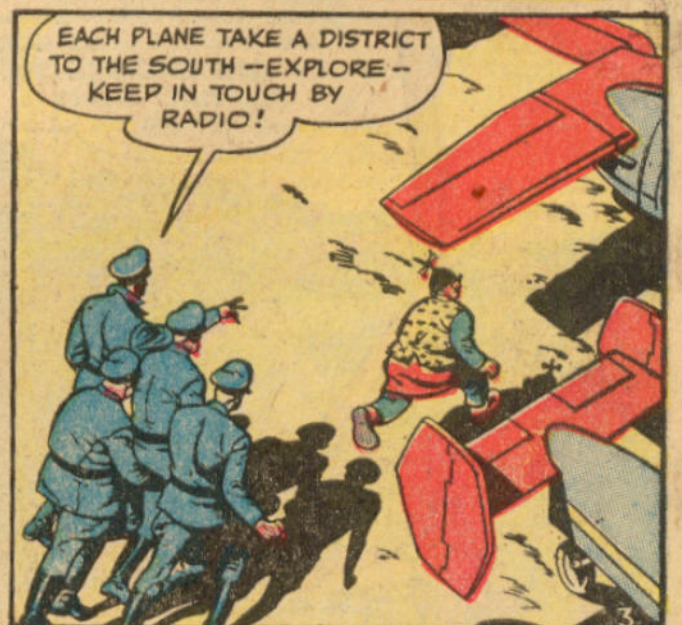
THERE'S THE OASIS-- AND SUZETTE'S SIGNALLING US IN!



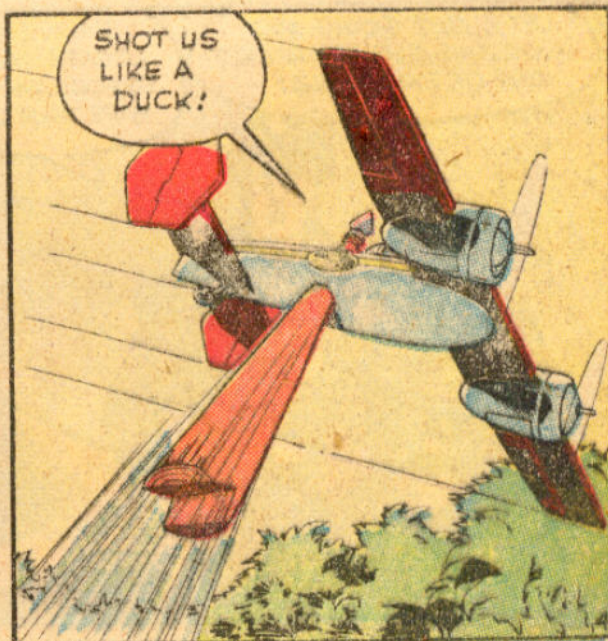
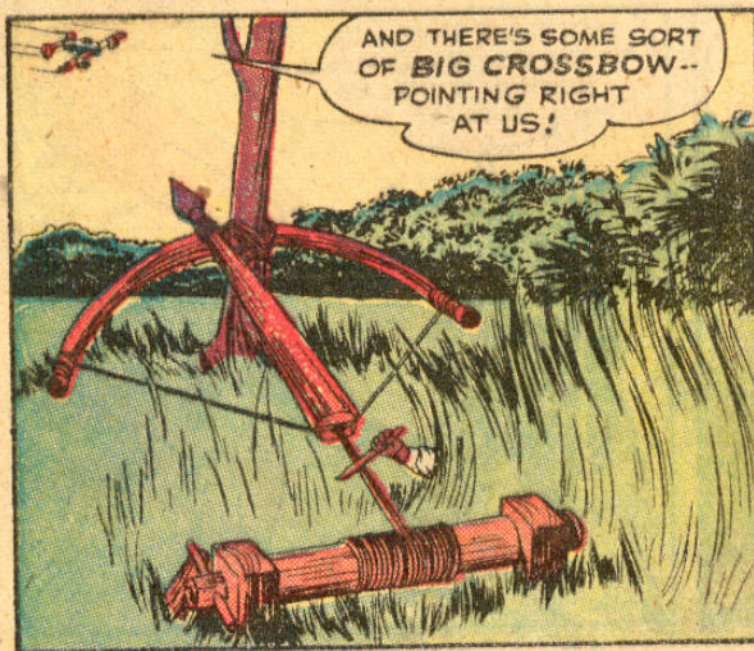
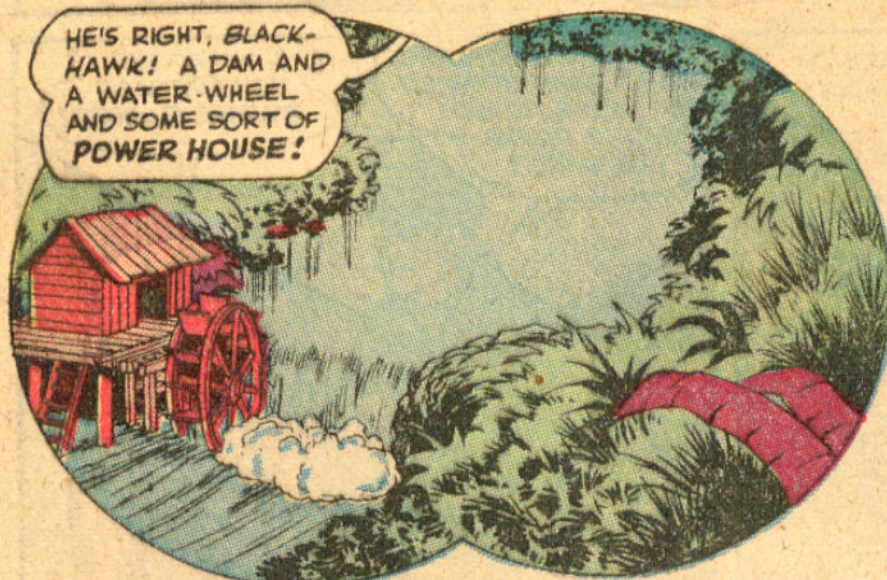
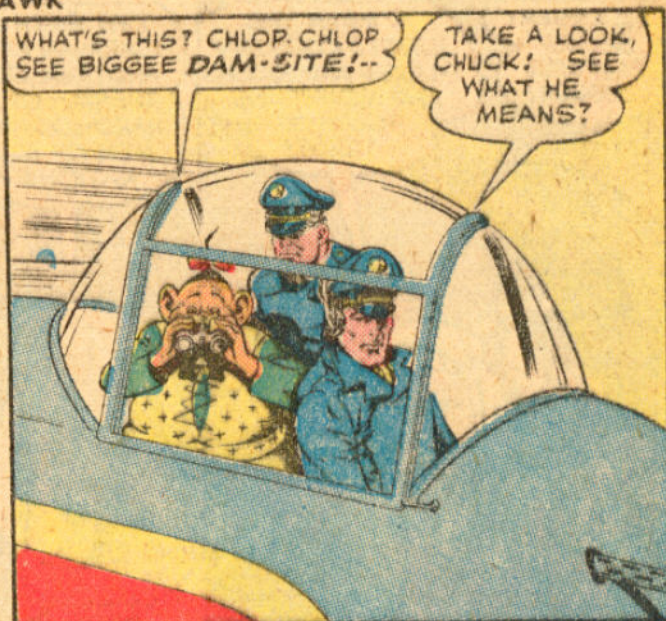
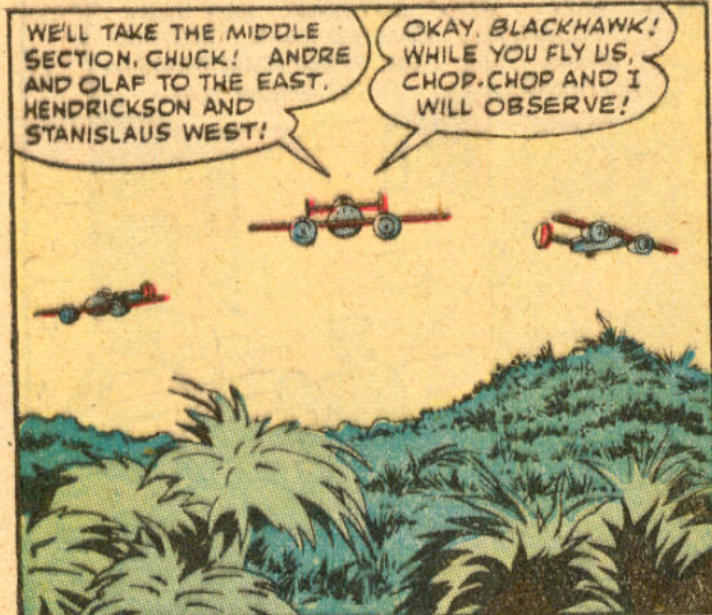
HERE WE ARE, SUZETTE!

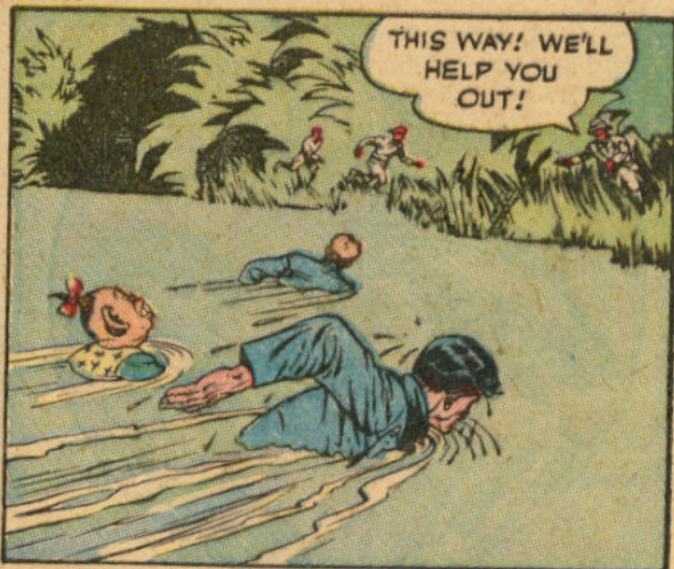
I HAVE CALLED YOU FROM SO FAR BECAUSE ONLY YOU CAN RIGHT A GREAT WRONG!

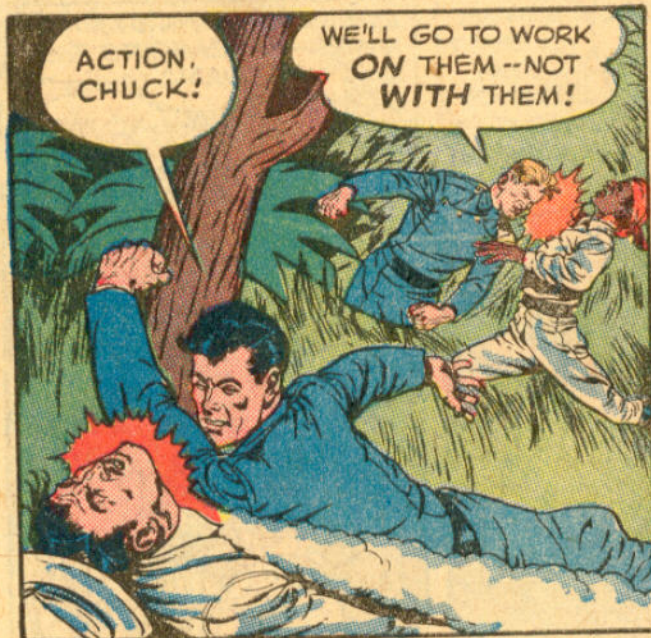
BLACKHAWK

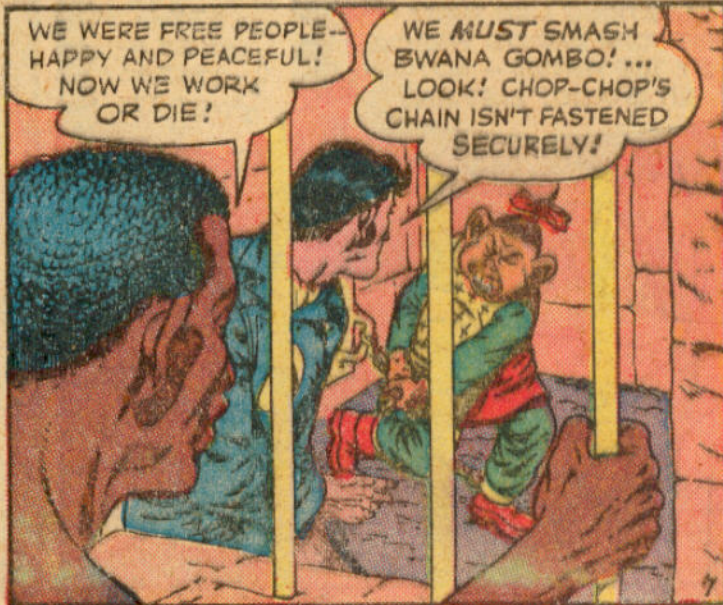
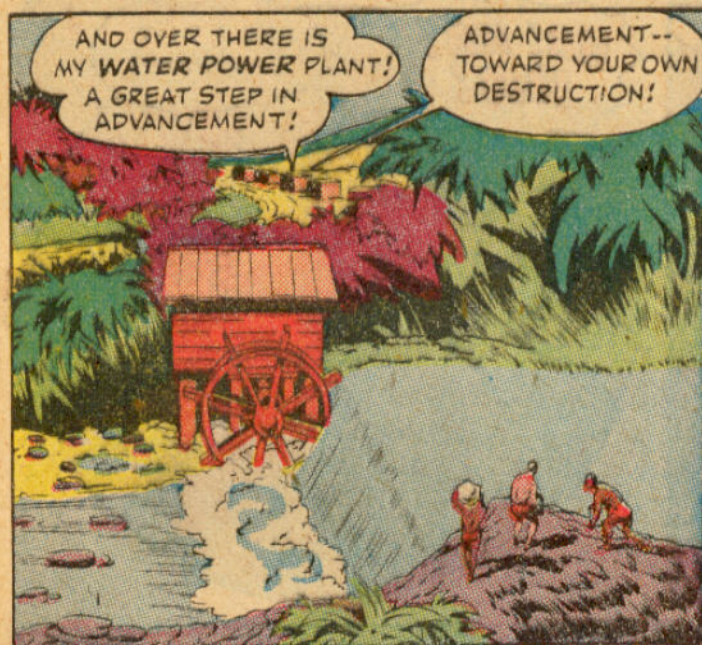
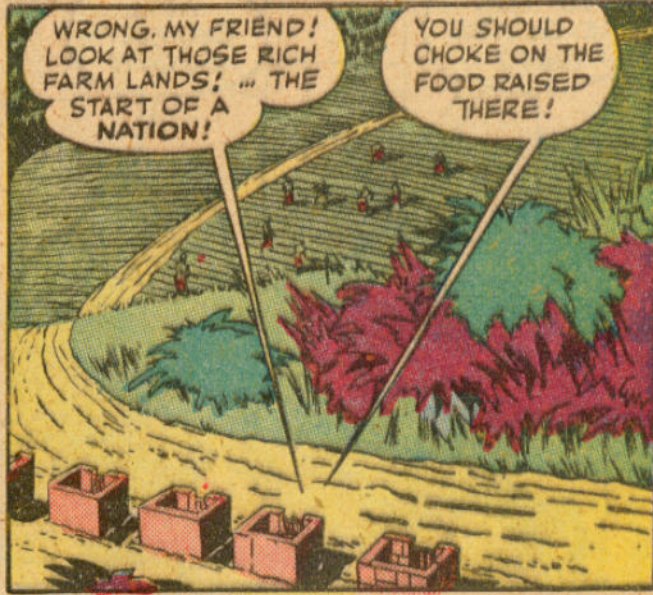
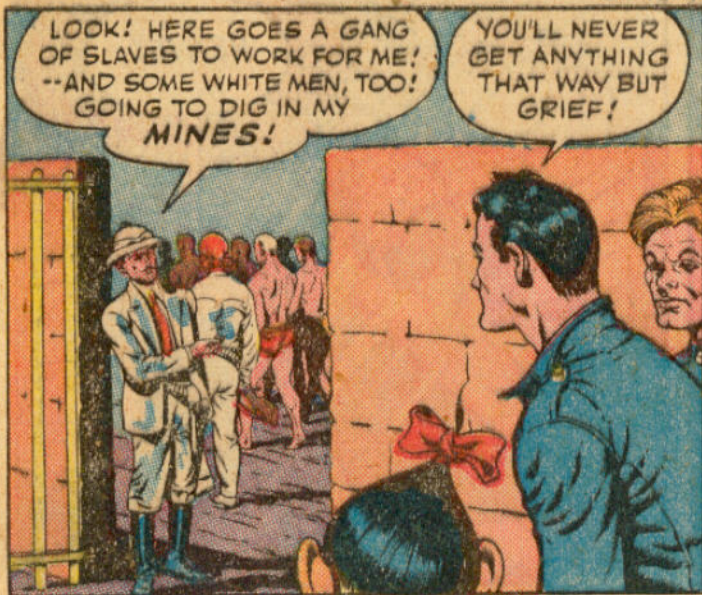


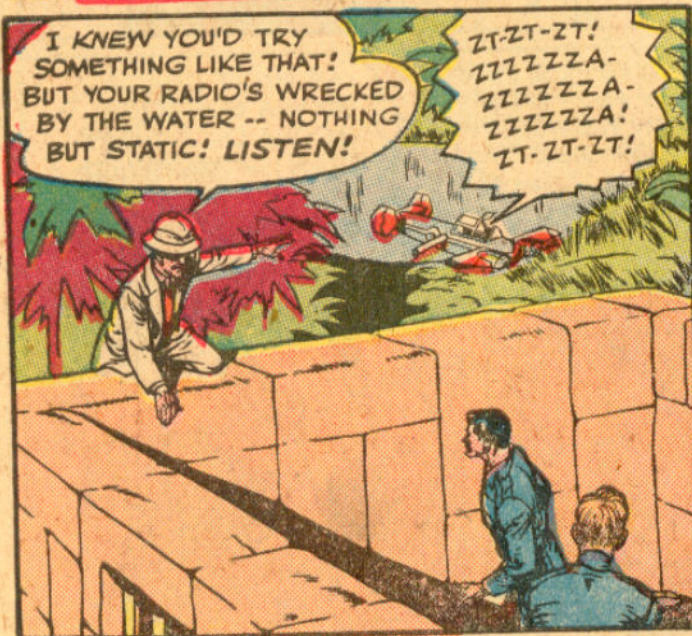
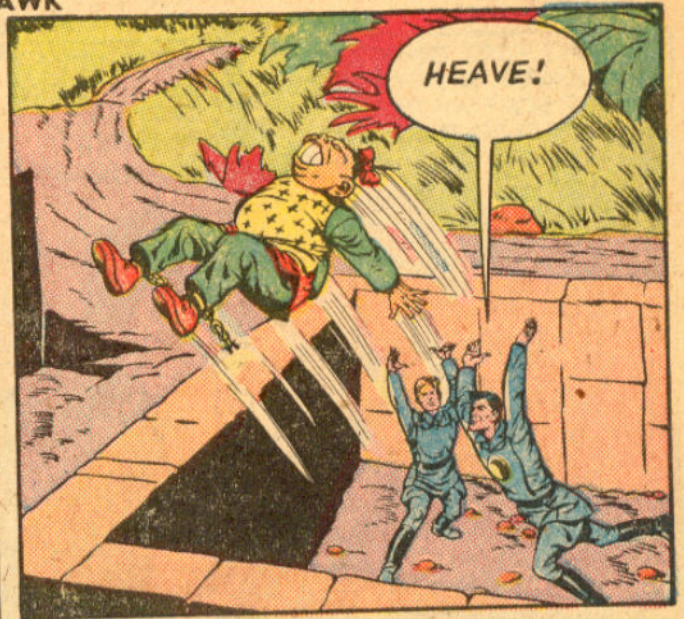
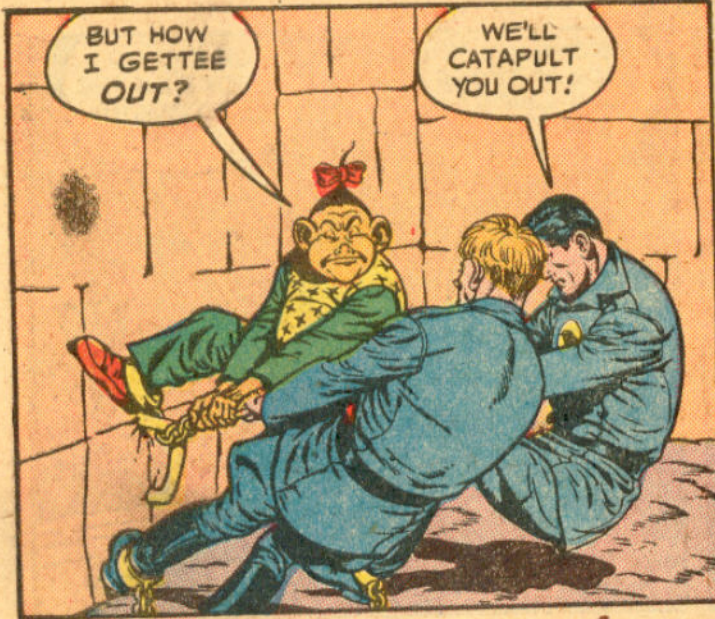
BLACKHAWK



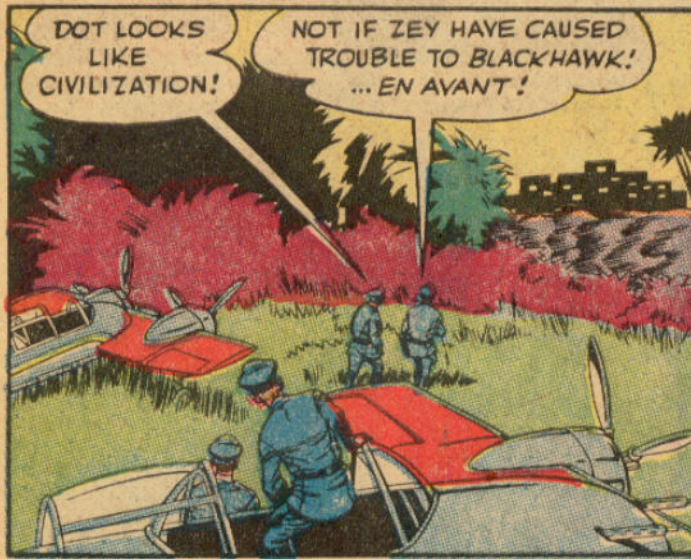
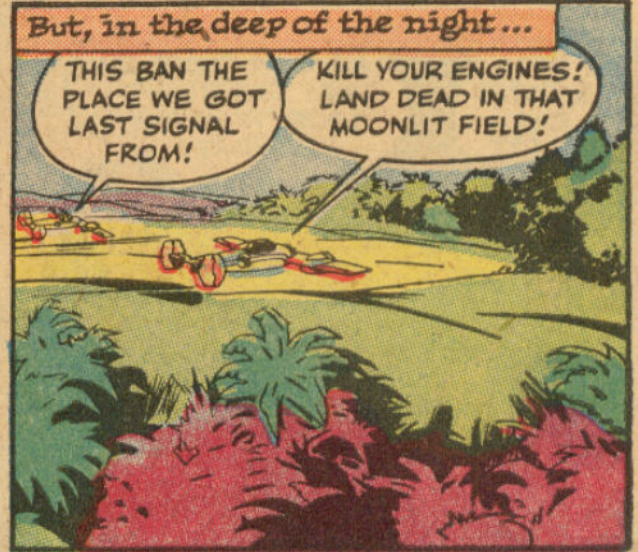




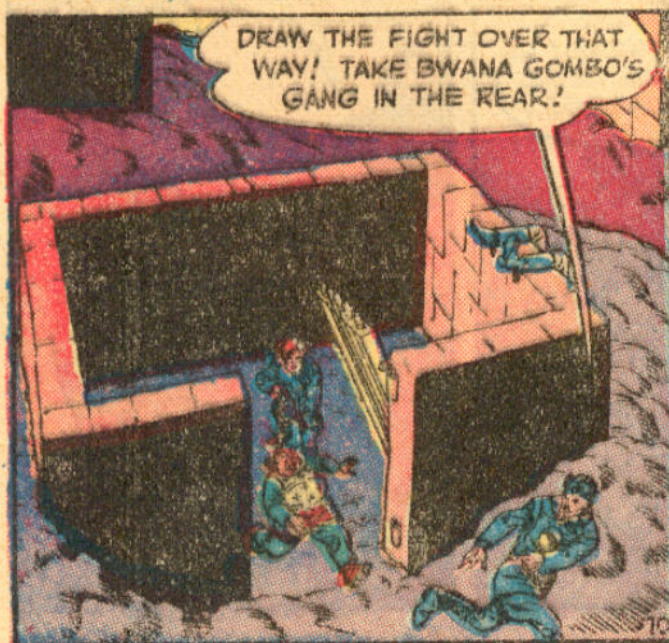
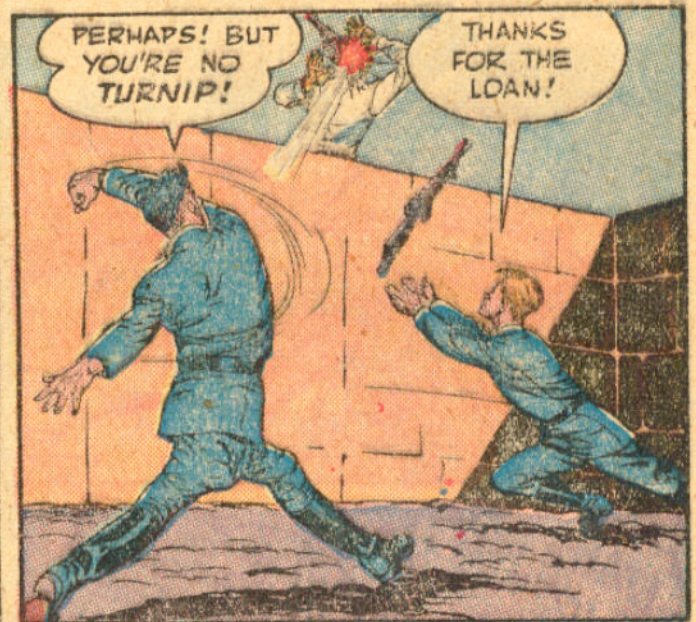
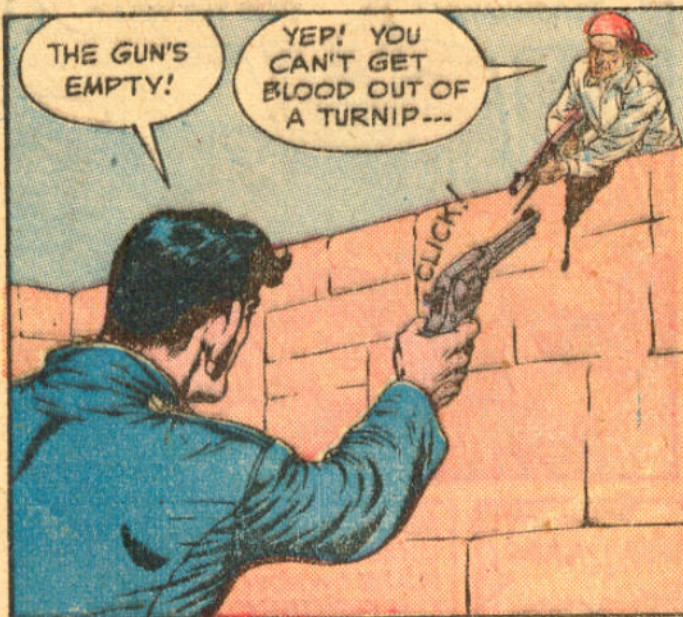
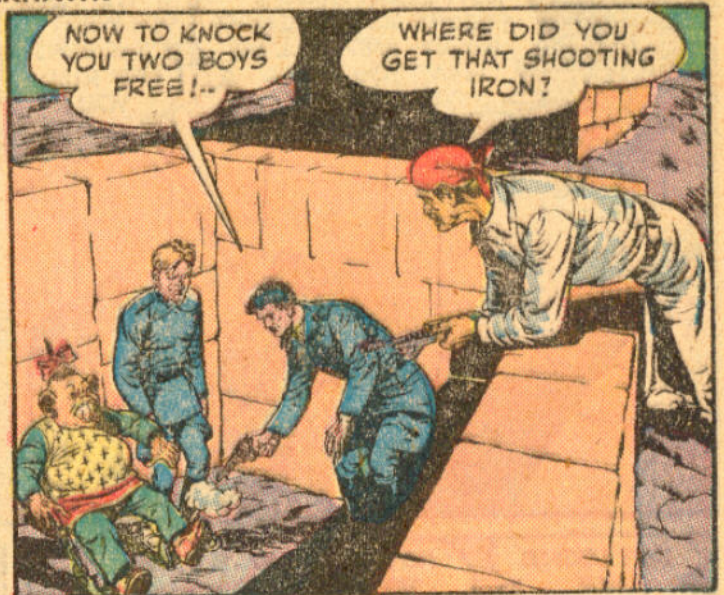
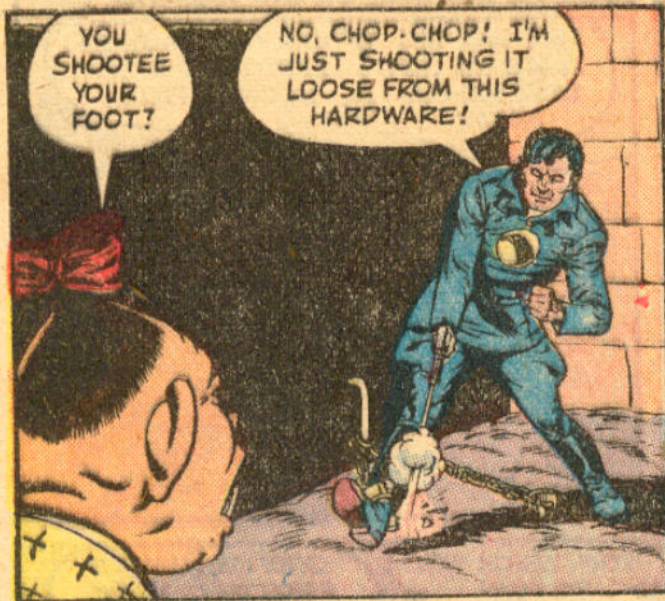


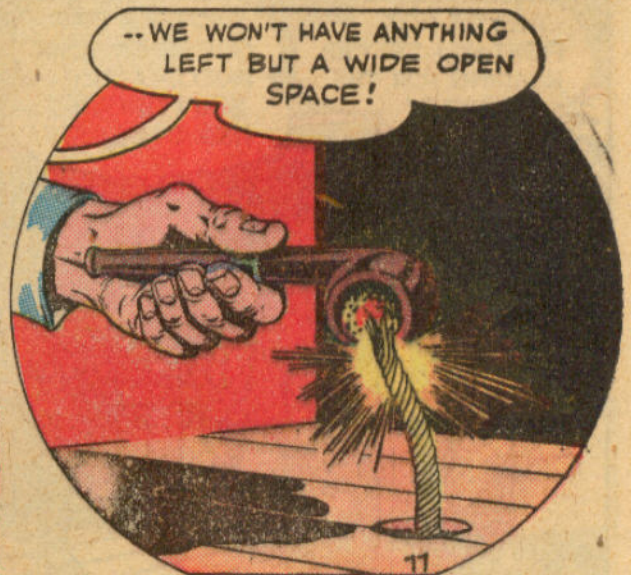
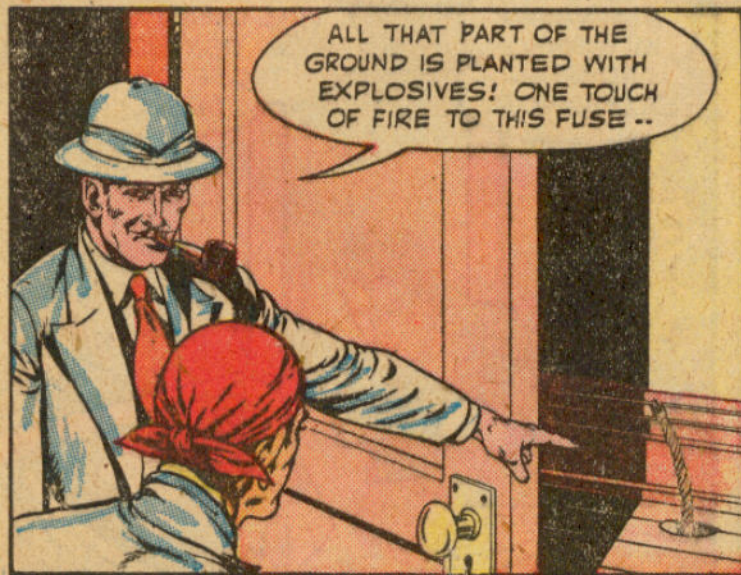
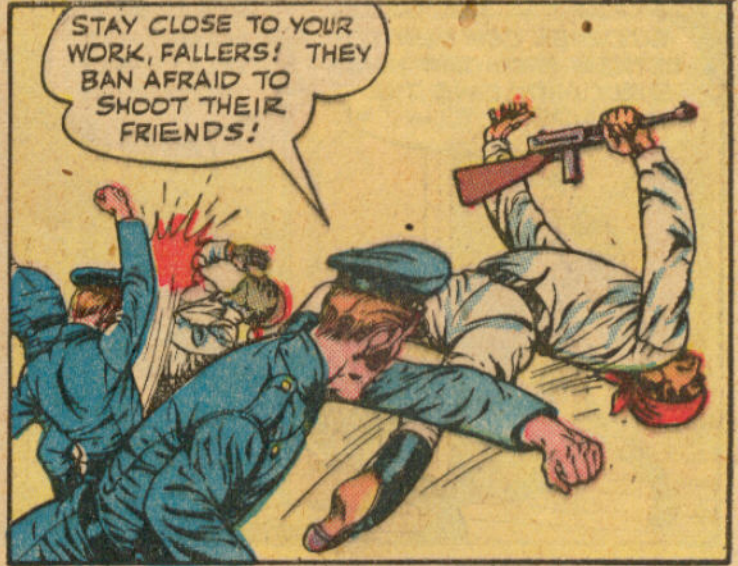


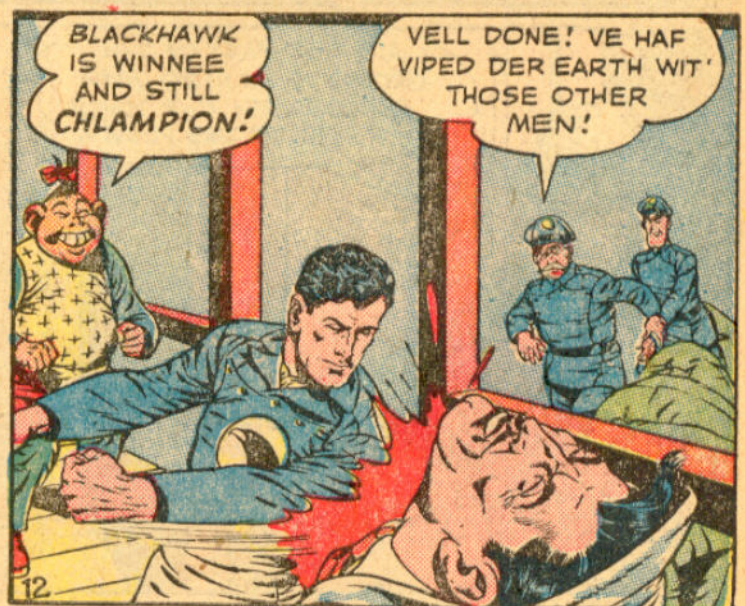
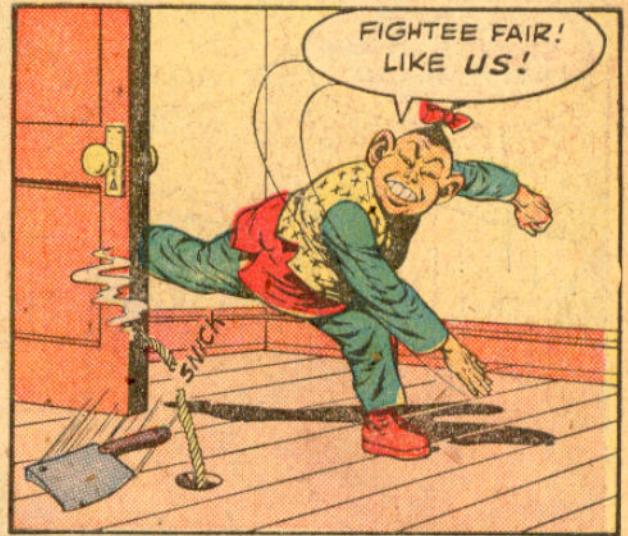
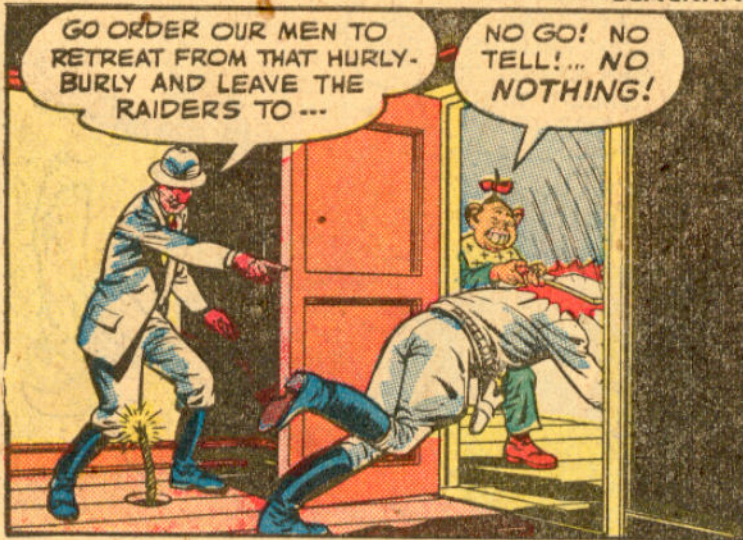
BLACKHAWK

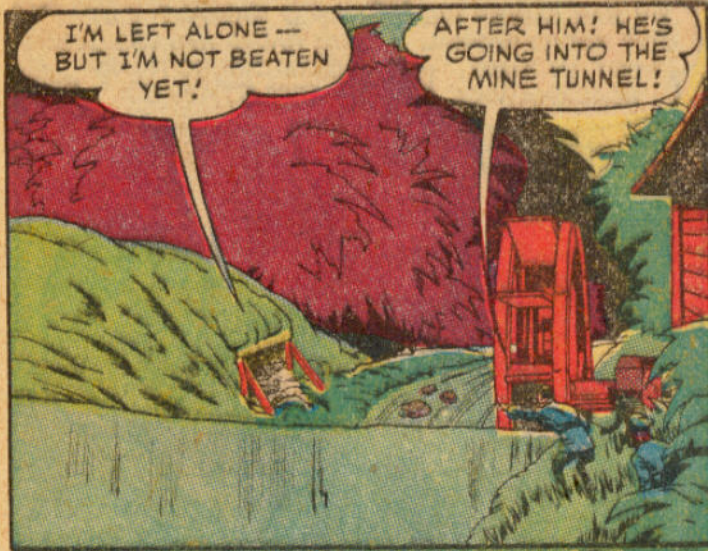


BLACKHAWK









AFTER HIM! HE'S GOING INTO THE MINE TUNNEL!



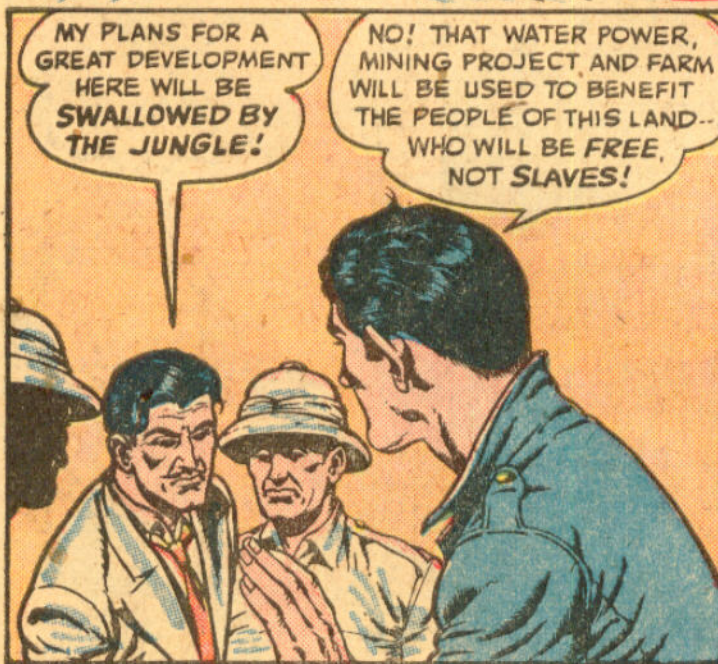
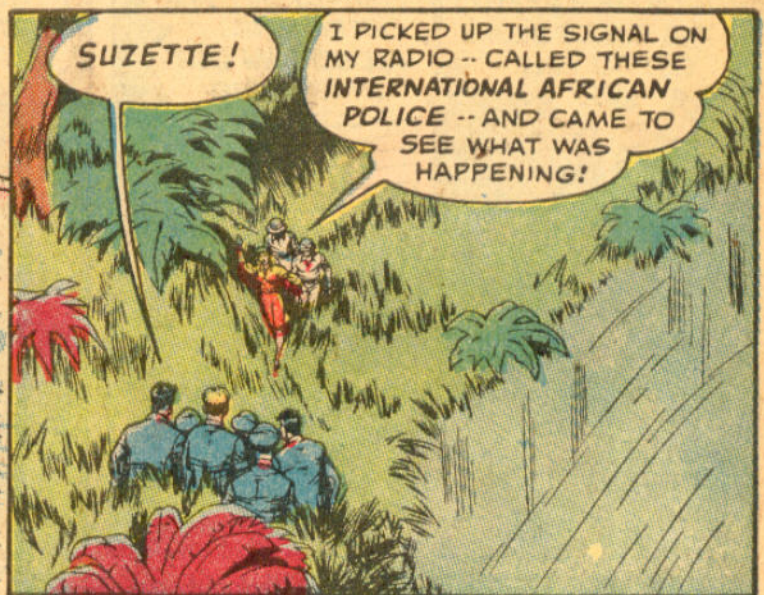
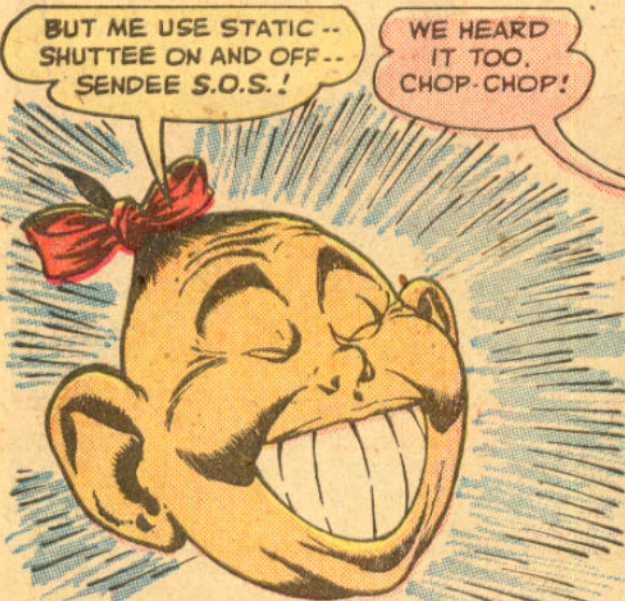
EASY TO GET HIM OUT OF MINE! FLOOD HIM OUT BY OPENING SLUICES!

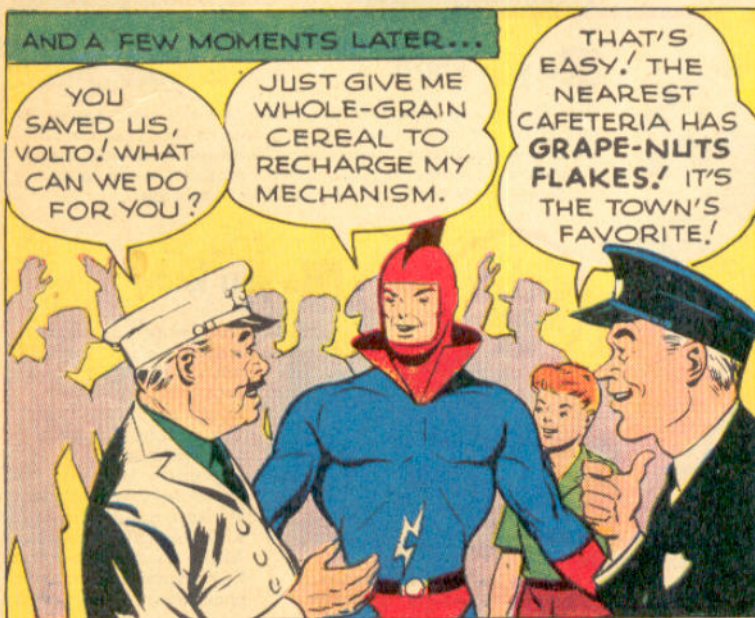
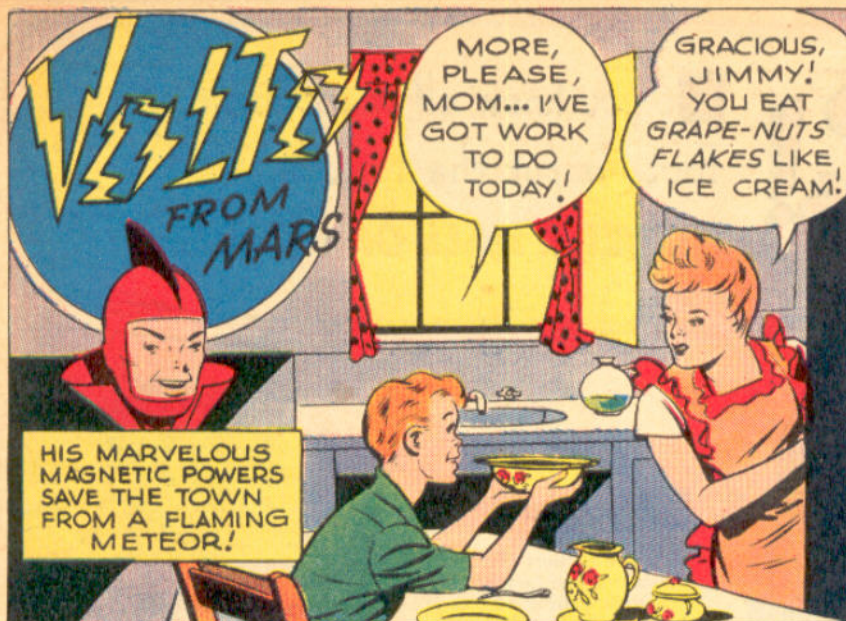


NO! WASH HIM OUT REAR TUNNEL! HURRY, WE FIND HIM!



AAAAOW!





TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**, BLUE NETWORK STATIONS, 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.



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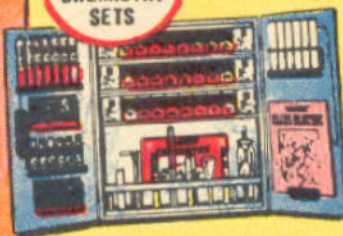
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